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AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.
ORGANIZED IN 1846.
Assets, Nov. 1, 1891, $5,674,154.43.
Surplus, $437,000.
TRUSTEES—Wm. S. Badger, Thomas Lawbard, Artemas Libbey, J. H. Manley, L. C. Cornish.
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Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.
Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, an accounts are strictly confidential.
Especial privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors. 49tf EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of May, 1892.*
CYRENE HASKELL, widow of ELBRIDGE G. HASKELL, late of China, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of June next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 29

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the last will and testament of JOSEPH H. CHANDLER, late of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
HENRY W. GOLDER,
May 5, 1892. 29* THOMAS S. GOLDER.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with will annexed, on the estate of JOHN T. FIFIELD, late of Belgrade, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
May 5, 1892. 29* SAMUEL D. JONES.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of May, 1892.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of HANNAH ALLEN, late of Vienna, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 29*

Executor's Sale.

Will be sold by public auction, on the premises in Sidney, on the River road, about eight miles from Augusta, the homestead lot of the late Benjamin Ward's estate, containing about 30 acres of land, all mowing, and in a good state of cultivation, together with the buildings thereon, which are in fair repair. Also the piece of land west of the eight-rod road, some ten or twelve acres, part wood land and part tillage. The sale will take place, as above, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June 5th, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. NATHAN BENSON, Executor.
April 30, 1892. 3236*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of NANCY W. CHESMAN, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
Apr. 25, 1892. 30* LENDALL TITCOMB.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1892.*
O. W. ANDREWS, Administrator on the estate of H. K. WOODCOCK, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of SARAH M. PHILBRICK, late of Mt. Vernon, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 15, 1892. 29* E. M. TRACY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of JOHN W. PENNEY, late of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 14, 1892. 29* LENDALL TITCOMB, Agent.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executors of the last will and testament of ELIZA C. HOLSTER, late of Mt. Vernon, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement at the late residence of said deceased.
April 25, 1892. 29* JOHN P. CARSON, HORACE E. CARSON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Hiram Whitten, late of Vienna, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement at the late residence of said deceased.
April 25, 1892. 29* GEO. F. WHITTEN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Hiram Whitten, late of Vienna, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 25, 1892. 29* VENORA C. LORD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator and Trustee of the estate of PRESCOTT M. LORD, late of Vassalboro, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 11, 1892. 28* ANNIE M. LORD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators on the estate of JOHN R. HEATH, late of Boston, Mass., deceased, intestate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 25, 1892. 28* JANE E. HEATH, GEORGE HOUSE, HENRY L. MORRILL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of of ELIZA C. HAYES late of Augusta in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 25, 1892. 28* ELIZABETH K. HAYES.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1892.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of ABIGAIL M. PARTRIDGE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1892.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY F. KEAY, late of Winslow, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 29*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1892.*
JOHN P. BEAN, Executor on the estate of JOHN BEAN, late of Mt. Vernon, in said county, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, etc., viz: A wood lot containing 8 acres, more or less, situate in Mt. Vernon:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1892. No. 29.

The Condensed Milk factory at Newport, will commence work June 1st.

Camembert cheese, made in Lewiston, is on sale at the Lewiston grocers.

A butter factory is soon to be built in the town of Poland, near the renowned Poland Spring House, with a capital stock of $5000, and 500 cows to start with.

Don't fail to look over the trees about this time for the tent caterpillar. Destroy them, whether in the orchard or on the cherry trees by the road side. If their case is carefully attended to each year, they will soon disappear from the premises.

At the Rothamsted experiment station, Lawes & Gilbert report that results recently obtained do not confirm the conclusion that woody fiber of a given degree of induration, is rendered more soluble, and consequently more digestible by the change in the allo.

Don't delay planting the ensilage corn a single day now if the ground is dry enough for work. Corn planted for fodder needs the full season in which to perfect its growth, the same as if it was grown for other purposes. Half grown corn. It has been found out, is poor stuff for fodder.

The proposition for a change in the law establishing and governing the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture has been referred to the next legislature. While there is quite a desire shown for a change, yet the idea has not yet taken shape as to just what the change should be.

The magnitude of the crop of potatoes harvested last year, is made apparent this spring more plainly than at any time previous. In the local markets of the State they are absolutely unsalable, while large quantities of superior quality are still in the cellars of growers. Truly there was an overproduction of potatoes last season.

The corner stone of the new New Hampshire Agricultural College at Durham will be laid on the 17th of June next, with appropriate ceremonies by the Patrons of Husbandry. This will be an important event and no doubt will enlist wide attention. The New Hampshire Patrons do nothing by halves that they have in charge.

Professor Jordan's new departure of furnishing the agricultural press with frequent bulletins is a capital idea. It gives the results promptly to the public, and keeps the work of the station before the people. His bulletin 4, found in another column, contains some figures of especial importance, and which will be again referred to, and more at length.

That pioneer of the practice in this State of growing corn as a principal reliance for stock fodder, Mr. Charles H. Cobb, Poland, writes that including a field of potatoes he has twenty-two acres planted this year, and the seed all in last week. This year he has planted a field of Maine corn to ear out, to try its merits in the silo. Mr. Cobb is not one of those who claims we should till less acres.

Some of the South Livermore farmers have been experimenting with dissolved bone as a supplement to their barn manures in place of the common commercial Superphosphates, and find it produces equally as good results and at much less cost. Consequently they have pooled their money, bought ground bone and acid and have prepared their own fertilizer. This is putting intelligence to good account in their business. They save at buying at the lowest possible spot cash prices, and make a further saving by buying only that which their crops need. We have long been led to believe that on much soil in the State where barn manures have been used freely, phosphoric acid is the missing link that is wanted.

Cost of Keeping Cows.

Mr. Editor: In an article written you in the *Maine Farmer* of April 7th, you make a statement of the gross receipt of your herd of cows, and recommend others to go and do likewise. Will you please state in the *Farmer* the cost of grain, hay, labor, &c., which you have expended to get this result? Those are items that should not be overlooked, we think, in making a statement of profits. Respectfully yours,
Dixfield. M. A. WILSON.

In the editorial referred to by our correspondent, we purposely omitted to make any statement of profits with the herd of cows from which our income was there given. Our purpose was to show that the income from cows when handled exclusively by employed help, and the cream turned over to a factory to handle and dispose of, was sufficient to encourage attention to the business. If we were to make up an exhibit of profits, it would then become necessary to present a debt and credit account with the herd.

The quantity of hay, fodder and grain required on the average to feed a cow well, has been weighed and measured and recorded by so many feeders that it has now become common knowledge. So, too, it is an easy problem to reckon the *value* of this keep. The actual *cost* of it to the farmer, where he produces a part or all on his own farm, introduces another problem altogether, and one that we will leave for some other time.

An ordinary cow fed well the year through, and kept in milk during the winter, will consume in hay fodder, grain and pasturage, the value of $45 to $50, according to the price of the fodders eaten. With hay at the market price of last year, the value of the food eaten would fall short of the fifty dollars.

The matter of labor involved in the tending and milking of the cows might be figured out with approximate accuracy. But to offset this cost we have the resulting manure from the stock. There are plenty of farmers who will contract to care for, feed, and milk cows and take the manure product for their compensation. This fully cancels that cost item.

We thus have a net balance over the value of food consumed of all that the cows bring in above forty-five to fifty dollars, which shows a very satisfactory dividend on the capital invested.

High-Bush Blueberries in the Fruit Garden.

A correspondent of *American Gardening*, that admirable magazine of horticulture, has an article in the May number on the "Cultivation of High-Bush Blueberries." After much experience he concludes that it should be grown in every well arranged fruit garden. He thinks that nurserymen will soon awaken to its merits and will grow good plants for sale. It is easily raised from seed, and may be transplanted from the pastures without difficulty if taken when small and removed with a ball of earth attached. In swamps any amount of such plants can be collected. They do best with plenty of moisture and will respond to manuring as well as any other fruit-bearing plant.

A number of growers in Massachusetts are becoming interested in the cultivation of this plant and are on the lookout for large varieties. Mr. Huntington of Lynn has now more than a dozen well marked varieties of good size, some being one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Here is a chance for the horticulturist at the station to do some good work, and the State Horticultural Society would give encouragement to the effort by offering prizes for the fruit under cultivation. It is not too late to give this matter attention the present season.

Butter or Cheese.

Which pays the better, butter or cheese? is a question frequently asked by dairymen, but is one to which a definite answer cannot be given. It depends on the relative price of the two articles, and this of course cannot be foretold. As a rule butter pays the best in the winter season, the supply of fresh made then being short and the price high, while in the early summer months the reverse is true all around. So too, a different management of the cows is called for in the one case from that in the other. In cheese making the cows should be fresh in spring and should be run for summer milk to go dry in winter; but in the butter making business this course is neither necessary or desirable. The milk in this case comes in play at any time of the year, and is especially desirable in the winter months when the butter product is short and the price high. When well managed either line of work will bring in good returns for the outlay. Each of the products sell for cash with prompt payment.

Education in Agriculture.

Amnent the matter of education, in its application to agriculture reference is frequently made to the schools of France and Germany. In the Experiment Station Record for February, 1892, Dr. Atwater gives some statements of interest in regarding education and research in agriculture in France based on a report made to the recent International Agricultural Congress at the Hague, by E. Tisserand. He goes on to say:

"The system of education and research in agriculture now in operation in France includes (1) schools of agricultural science, (2) higher schools in which scientific and practical instruction in agriculture is given, (3) secondary schools in which the theory and practice of agriculture are taught, (4) schools of apprenticeship, (5) courses in agriculture in connection with institutions for general education or with universities, (6) agricultural experiment stations and laboratories.

In the first class the principal institution is one in which instruction is given in agricultural science, supplemented by laboratory and field practice. Original researches are also carried on. The object of the school is to train a select body of scientists and investigators to take the lead in promoting the improvement of agriculture. Many of the graduates become officers of the Government, teachers in the agricultural schools, or investigators in the experiment stations. In this class are also included three veterinary schools.

Next below these in grade are the schools in which theoretical and practical instruction is combined. The tendency is to make the instruction in these schools more scientific.

The third class of agricultural schools includes those which are intended to receive the children of farmers who have finished their primary education, and to give them theoretical and practical instruction in agriculture under the direction of competent practical agriculturists. A farm is connected with each school. The pupils, forty or fifty in number, perform all the work necessary to the keeping up of this farm, receiving their time equally between manual labor and their lessons, lectures, and laboratory practice. In many of these schools general agriculture is taught, but some are devoted to special lines, such as viticulture, dairying, or irrigation. Military instruction is given. Boys enter these schools at the age of 13 years and return to the farm 2 or 3 years later comparatively well equipped for the work of life. The average cost to the Government for the maintenance of such a school is $4,000 per annum.

In the fourth class are those institutions in which a system of apprenticeship is employed. In these schools boys carry on the operations of a farm under competent direction for a period of 2 or 3 years, receiving at the same time a certain amount of general and agricultural instruction. The support of the pupils is provided for by the produce of the farm and by appropriations from the Government. On completing the apprenticeship the student receives a small sum of money, together with the usual diploma. These schools are no longer popular. Their number has fallen from 75 in 1852 to 34 in 1891.

"Since 1879 instruction in the elements of agriculture, horticulture, and natural history has been obligatory in the normal and primary schools. In each department of France a professor of agriculture is appointed, whose duty it is to give practical instruction in agriculture for the normal school, which shall be suited to the needs of his locality, and to hold farmers' meetings for instruction in improved agricultural methods.

Chairs of agriculture have been established in many of the "lyceums," colleges, and superior primary schools. Especial development in this line has been noticed during the past 2 years. Experimental and model fields, under the direction of the departmental professor or the directors of experiment stations, have been established in many places, where farmers can see and judge for themselves of the value of new methods.

Besides the regularly organized experiment stations, there are a number of "agricultural laboratories" for the examination of soils, fertilizers, seeds, insects, etc., with a view to protecting the farmers against fraud or injury. A number of the experiment stations are devoted to the study and of investigation, as dairying, testing of seeds, plant diseases, fermentations, technology, entomology, enology, vegetable physiology, fats and oils, and testing of agricultural implements.

From these statements a good idea is gained of the vast importance attached to education in agriculture in that country by both the government and the people, and from these schools something of advantage to us ought to be available to aid in establishing educational work in this country connected with this industry in question. The third class of schools, corresponding closely to the "short course" departments and the dairy schools recently established in connection with the State Colleges, and including our's at Orono, seem to meet a special approval. From one school of the kind in France in 1870 they have since increased to 34, and with 197 professors and 95 other officers.

Wool at the Columbian.

A circular issued by the department of agriculture informs us that the assistant secretary of agriculture, Mr. Willits, who is in charge of the wool exhibit at the World's Columbian exposition is now taking measures for a thoroughly classified representation there of the wool industry of the United States. He has appointed a committee to look after this matter, consisting of Edward A. Green, of Philadelphia, and Hon. John T. Rice, of Elba, Michigan. It is intended to include in the exhibit one hundred samples of foreign wools taken from the collection now being made for the use of the customs service by the same committee. Of domestic wools about two thousand samples will be shown of all breeds and crosses raised in the country. The space available for this exhibit will not permit of showing many whole fleeces, which will therefore be restricted to a few taken from pedigree sheep. Generally speaking, the samples will be put in glass bottles holding about a pound, and will be so arranged in the bottles as to show on one side the staple and on the other the skin side of the clip. In this way both the farmer and wool-buyer will see the wool as they do with it in the habit of seeing it. To relieve the monotony of the exhibit some decorative appliances will be used.

Mr. Willits also announces that he desires to secure a fine Merino ram and to have the skin stuffed and mounted on a pedestal in the centre of the Columbian exhibit of wools by the department. He would like tenders of such a ram, whose pedigree can be traced to one or more noted sires and that is growing his third fleece. The animal selected will be exhibited with the name and address of the breeder attached as in the case of all samples of wool where these are known. Although the space available for this exhibit is very small, it is hoped that by using great care in the selection of samples, it may prove of value to the wool-growers of the country.

Difference in the Creaming of Milk.

The annual report of the Ontario Agricultural College contains a report in detail of tests made of the peculiarities of individual cows in the creaming of their milk. Twelve cows were in the trial, representing three of the distinct breeds, and the rest common cows. Each cow's milk was set separately, under conditions given in the report. The tabulated results are too elaborate for our columns. The following are the conclusions reached:

1. There is a great difference in the creaming quality of milk from different cows, some yielding their cream quite readily, while others, under ordinary circumstances, will persist in leaving a large quantity of fat in the skim milk.

2. When the milk from a number of poor creamers was mixed together, better results were obtained than when they were set separately.

3 By mixing the milk from a poor creamer with one that yields her cream readily, better results on the whole were obtained than when each was set separately. The milk from a good creamer assists that of a poor one.

4. Good results were obtained from all when centrifugal force was applied.

Maine Experiment Station.

NEWSPAPER BULLETIN No. 4.

Growth of Food Material by Various Fodder and Root Crops.

(For a full description of this experiment, see Rep. Me. Exp't Station, Part II, 1891, pp. 41-46.)

The object of this experiment was to test the growth of digestible dry food material in several fodder and root crops. The results as given are a report of progress, and the work is to be continued.

SUMMARY OF AVERAGE RESULTS FOR 1890 AND 1891.

	Yield per acre of dry matter harvested.	Yield per acre of digestible dry matter.	Yield per acre of digestible dry matter.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Southern Corn	20,045	5040	3850
Rutabagas	12,695	3415	2078
Hungarian Grass	18,940	4680	2967
Sugar Beets	17,645	2590	2447
English Flat Turnips	28,500	2559	2375
Field Corn (Flint)	31,690	3110	2208
Sweet Corn	18,290	2971	1870
Mangolds	15,375	1613	1266
Peas (Canada)	1,065	1415	1231
Timothy Hay (assumed crop)	4,000	3500	2065

(1.) The large variety of fodder corn, namely: the Southern White Horse Tooth, under the conditions in which the crops were grown greatly excelled the other varieties of corn and the roots in the production of total and digestible dry matter.

(2.) The crops which rank next in the production of digestible dry matter are Hungarian Grass and rutabaga turnips.

Special attention is called to the very favorable showing made by of Hungarian Grass as a fodder producing crop.

(3.) The common impression seems to be that our varieties of field corn and sweet corn mature better in a more southern latitude than that in which are harvested for the silo after the plants have reached maturity, or nearly so, contain much less water and more dry matter than the larger varieties of Southern corn. While this statement may have been a difference in the percentage of dry matter in favor of the field corn and sweet corn, the difference has not proved to be as great as many have expected. The average results for three years show that the Northern field corn contained only two pounds of dry matter per hundred more than the Southern corn at the time the crops were harvested.

(4.) The experiment further illustrates very fully the already familiar fact that the weight of a green fodder crop is not a correct standard for judging its value. For instance, 18,940 pounds of Hungarian Grass contained more than one ton more dry matter than 31,695 pounds of rutabaga turnips, and practically as much dry matter as 32,000 pounds of Southern corn.

Orono, May 12.

Why is Wool so Cheap—Overproduction Again.

There never has been any dearth of Sir Oracles ready to account for an existing status of the wool market or to forecast the tendency of prices. Each one according to their empirical teachings is properly chargeable most of those disappointments to which wool-growers have been so frequently subjected. With this fact so fresh in mind, we have noticed one of the most prolific conclusions of an authority so accepted in commercial circles as "Bradstreet's"—a journal recognized as reflecting the best thought of leading traders and financiers.

Wool-producers have been compelled to face the fact of steadily receding prices for a long time past. Such condition of the market has been due in no small degree to other parts of the world as in the United States, compelling the conclusion that the cause is to be sought outside of any influence or combination of circumstances peculiar to this country. Since the tariff act of production in 1883, prices receded, the cry went up from certain quarters that this was the predicted result of even the slightest advantage accruing to the producer. The wool production, and old price lists and the histories of past legislation were ransacked for parallels to be used by way of confirming the accuracy of such conclusion. When the legislation of 1890 was under discussion of the reduction made in 1883, these oracles predicted an advance all along the line of wool values, and many growers who had become their disciples got ready to take the advantage of the next upward turn. But the downward tendency of prices was very little interfered with, and the country's wool crop of 1891 went upon the market at once —a disappointment for all growers—and threatened disaster to many.

The journal named asserts as beyond successful contradiction that "the permanent factor in the wool market which has caused the lowering in values is the presence of unusually large stocks," which have surfeited the demand for all grades in all the great markets of the world. Proof of this is found in the fact that of all the great divisions of the world, Europe alone failed to largely increase its output of wool during twenty years between 1870 and 1890. That of Asia increased from 134,907,130 lbs. to 264,860,050 lbs., of Argentina from 166,987,500 to 395,425,200 lbs., of Africa from 45,968,880 to 85,185,780 lbs.; while Australia increased from 280,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 lbs., and the United States more than half that amount. The total of such increase is over four hundred million pounds, while improved facilities for employing hairs, shoddies, cotton, and other substitutes have made it possible for a single pound of wool to now serve in place of nearly twice as much in 1870. Another factor must not be overlooked, *i. e*, the fact that while all countries in the world are producing wool, only two—Europe and America—are buyers for manufacturing. In the first named of these, rivalry among manufacturers is so largely in the direction of cheapening the price and lowering the quality of goods as to discourage attempts on part of holders to advance wool values; while here in the United States the yearly repeated effort of dock-owners is more nearly than ever before meet the demand of domestic manufacturers for an adequate supply of raw materials.

Contemplating the situation as thus outlined, it would seem unwise to calculate upon other than a low range of wools in the future near or remote. The only exception probable is the event of such a war between prominent nations as would temporarily enhance values in agricultural productions. And this again emphasizes what has been so often urged in these columns: the necessity for combating the confronting emergency by economy in production—advancing the standard of flocks by systematic use of the best obtainable animals, rigid elimination of every individual that fails to demonstrate profitable qualities, and a separation of the products to be marketed as will meet the demands of exacting buyers, and insure the receipt of outside prices.

There is a vastly better outlook for profit in the effort to obtain and keep the right quantity of feed and labor than in working and waiting for more money for a given weight of wool. Breeders, certainly, can materially increase the average weight of fleeces, while there is just as certainly but slight probability that the range of prices for which wool can be permanently forced above the present level.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

ASSORTING FRUIT. An orchardist in western New York gives a statement to the *Rural New Yorker* of the advantage of carefully assorting fruit in order to advance its price in market. He sold 500 bushels of apples to a dealer for thirty cents a bushel, or for $150. He found that if he had carefully assorted his apples and rejected 200 bushels of the poorest, he might have sold the 300 selected bushels for fifty cents a bushel, or for the same amount as the mixed 500, saved the expense of drawing the 200 ten miles to market, and used them at home for other purposes. A merchant in a neighboring city said to him: "If you will pick out one-third of your apples, I will give you more for the best part of your crop than I would for all, for such a mixed lot I don't want at any price." Such statements as these show the great importance and value of giving market orchards the very best cultivation, top-dressing, protection by spraying, and in other ways, and thinning out the trees to reject overloaded ones, and then the same care will not be required to assort a third or half of the fruit.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Familiar Applications of Physics.

BY PROF. JAMES S. STEVENS.

No 1.—Electricity.

When one considers the progress that has been made in electrical science within the last twenty years, and the immensely practical bearing it has had upon his personal comfort, he at once wishes to know what is the nature of this agent with whose benefits he is so familiar. But as Jacob was refused even the name of the angel who had blessed him, so the student of electricity is permitted to explore as he pleases the laws, the operations, and the useful applications of his subject, but its nature remains as yet a mystery. It is not matter, it is not a "fluid," it is not force, it is not energy. It is a *condition*, easy to produce but hard to explain.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to enter into a discussion of the theories which have been advanced concerning electricity, but rather to explain as clearly as I may be able, the construction, principles and mode of operation of some of the more common electrical appliances. In order to make the discussion complete, a good many facts will probably be stated with which the reader is perfectly familiar.

There are certain bodies found in the earth which have the property of attracting iron. These, from their discovery in Magnesia, are called magnets. Other bodies there are which, although not normally magnetic, may be made so by certain mechanical means. Thus, if a bar of iron be pounded, twisted, rubbed with a magnet, or placed in the magnetic meridian, it will itself become a magnet. Every magnet, whether natural or artificial, has two poles or places situated near the ends which possess the maximum power of attracting or repelling magnetic substances. A provisional theory of magnetism which has been found convenient to use, but which, from the nature of the case can never be proved, is that each molecule of an unmagnetized body contains two magnetic fluids in the opposing influences are precisely equal, and hence there is no unbalanced force to act upon an external body. Upon becoming magnetized, however, the north magnetism of each molecule is turned in a certain direction, and the south in an opposite direction, so that at each extremity there would exist a set of unbalanced forces equal in strength but opposite in direction.

In 1819, a very curious relation was accidentally discovered by Oersted, a Danish physicist, between a magnet and the current produced by a battery. Happening to use a wire near a magnetic needle, he was surprised to notice that the needle moved, and as a result of a series of experiments, he established the law that an electric current passing near a magnetic needle tends to turn it turn at right angles to the path of the current. The importance of this discovery cannot easily be overestimated. Upon its teachings, and those of kindred experiments, to be described immediately, are based the operations of a large majority of modern electrical appliances.

A little later than the time of Oersted's discovery occurred to a French scientist a theory, that if electricity in motion would affect a magnet, it should follow that if a current were sent around an unmagnetized body, it ought to make it magnetic. The result could be anticipated, and it was proved to the world that magnetism and electricity are so intimately related that one, at least, might be made to produce the other.

On Christmas morning, 1825, Michael Faraday called his wife into his laboratory to witness an experiment which he had just completed. He had floated a small magnet in a vessel of mercury, and then so placed a coil of wire around it that the circuit was completed through the mercury. The result was that the small magnet was seen to revolve around the wire as long as the current was kept up. He then reversed the arrangements and made the magnet stationary, and the wire free to revolve, which it actually did.

The next discovery with which it is necessary to be familiar, in order clearly to understand the principles of the subject, was also made by Faraday. He reasoned that if the passing of a current around an unmagnetized body made it a magnet, the interruption of a magnet within a coil of wire ought to start a current. And his reasoning was correct. He found, also, that it was only at the instant of introduction and removal that the current was set up; while it remained within the coil there was no current. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has expressed this principle as follows:

"Around the magnet, Faraday
In sure but Volta's lightnings play;
But bow to draw them from the wire?
He took a magnet from the fire;
'Tis when we meet, 'tis when we part,
Starts forth the electric fire."

I will endeavor in the next paper to show the bearing of these experiments upon modern electrical machines.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Why I Keep Cattle Club Jerseys.

BY S. H. KING.

[Paper prepared for the State Jersey Breeders' Meeting, Auburn.]

Ladies and Gentlemen: I will offer no apology for coming before you at this time, except my interest in the welfare of our organizat on, and will make no promises, except that I will not weary you by many words. I have taken as a guide, in what thoughts I bring you, "Why I Keep Cattle Club Jerseys." I will try and confine myself as closely as possible to this thought, and seek as far as possible to demonstrate them by my own experience. The Cattle Club Jerseys I will try and confine to those bearing their name as much as possible, with my means and surroundings, was the result of that desire.

I had been led by these discussions, and by my newspaper reading, to think favorably of the Jersey cow; and I presume any items that gave additional light in that direction were more carefully read and considered. This interest resulted in the purchase, at the State Fair of 1883, of a Maine State registered Jersey cow. This cow I kept three years, and meantime sought to increase my knowledge of the capabilities of the Jersey cow by securing all the information I could get at regarding the standing and value of the breed. The names of Victor Hugo, Stoke Pogis, Rioter Alphea, St. Heller, Signal and Coomassie as well as Greek to me, and I found I had undertaken a bigger job than I had any idea of, but persistent effort in seeking a correct knowledge of the breed soon enabled me to have some conception of what they would do under right conditions, as shown by the production of Princess 21, of 46 lbs., 13¼ oz. of butter in seven days; also Oxford Kate, 39 lbs., 7 oz. in seven days; Lambert, 36 lbs., 12½ oz. in seven days; 867 lbs., 14¾ oz. in 340 days; Ida of St. Lambert, 30 lbs., 2½ oz. in seven days; Eurotas, 778 lbs. in a year. This study convinced me that I was not on the right track, and in 1885 I changed from Maine State Jerseys to Cattle Club Jerseys.

It is no disparagement to the Maine State Jersey (of which I think highly) that the possibilities to be attained by the breeding of the Cattle Club Jersey, and the fact of a broader field to dispose of all surplus stock, and prices controlled only by a local state reputation, but by a national reputation, should lead me to such a change. This decision took the more courage at that time, as outside of Herdsbook Jerseys I had no knowledge, nor a single Cattle Club Jersey in Oxford county. The price paid by me for a yearling heifer caused me to be met by my neighbors and friends with an upturned nose, and the epithet *crazy*. Which was right I have since demonstrated, and the compliments I now receive have proved number the epithets of the past. Facts are stubborn things, but truth will make its way in spite of all opposition. A majority of the dairymen of to-day will give the Jersey cow the first place, but many, alas, have not the courage to act up to their convictions, and get out of the old ruts of father and grandfather.

I may as well say here, to encourage those who must begin small, that my limited means compelled me to begin in that way to what I have now, and helped me to a better knowledge of the foundation needed to accomplish the best possible results in the purchases within my means. My distance from any other breeder soon led me to see the necessity of a head to my herd, and as the bull is half of the herd I sought a good one, and found him in a grandson of Stoke Pogis, 33, and a grandson of the noted Tormentor. This combination of Stoke Pogis and Coomassie, combined with the Rioter and St. Lambert blood in my females, has justified my highest expectations. My circumstances have obliged me to look closely after the income to be obtained, and while I tried to post myself so as to take a sensible view of the fancy part of the business, the bottom dollar was the essential end and aim to be kept in view.

The Cattle Club Jerseys have so fully filled this all important requisition, that I am fully persuaded that no other breed can accomplish as much with the same means. I often hear men say, "I don't care for the registry, give me the cow." Well, this might do if it was only *this* cow, but how about the future? Judging from my experience, and a close observation of the work of others in breeding grades, nothing can be more uncertain. It is impossible to tell whether the good qualities of the dam bred from will be perpetuated, or the bad qualities of some scrub ancestor in the 3d or 4th remove will predominate. That like should produce like is, in my experience, so well verified in breeding Cattle Club Jerseys that it is one of the strong reasons why I prefer them. Out of more than twenty pure bloods that I have bred there has been but one that has not been satisfactory, and it is an unanswered question whether I did not spoil her in bringing up. Of course there are better, best, but the different degrees of goodness with the same sire usually follow the good qualities of the dam, and in all the type of rich milk and a quick return for all food consumed in golden butter, instead of twenty-five to fifty per cent. going to form useless flesh that it costs to support as long as the animals are used for dairy purposes. The cost of feeding a thousand pounds of needless flesh per year in a dairy cow makes quite a difference in the net profits, and the claim for the general purpose cow, that she is valuable because of their tendency to lay on flesh, cannot be sustained, as every pound of flesh might as well have been taken in butter weeks and months before. Why, there are Cattle Club cows that make as many pounds of butter in a year as you can add pounds of flesh to a thousand pound general purpose cow. I should like to see the man who would undertake to raise a thousand pounds of beef in a year to one animal as Eurotissima and Bison's Belle made pounds of butter. Where, then, are the profits? What breed can compete with the Cattle Club Jerseys in this respect? Certainly not the Holstein-Friesian, unless they can do it with those grades they wish to put into the great Columbian dairy contest.

"But," says one, "you will overdo the business." I think not. The growth of manufacturing industries throughout the country, and the consequent gathering of the floating portion of the farming districts in the cities will be greater than the increase of the dairy business. We must expect low prices in the early summer months, until more farmers plan to do winter dairying. "But," says another, "all Jerseys are good for is to raise fancy stock from them?" Stock in this connection always means oxen or beef heifers. I always feel like saying, "my friend, you evidently know but little about what they keep cattle for. If to please their fancy, that is one thing; if for the largest return from the capital invested, that is quite another, and the Jersey is sure to come

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, May 26, 1892.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in York county.

MR. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. I. C. Lunt of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

Friday night snow whitened the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, and on Saturday night Maine was not slighted.

The weather has been cold and unfavorable for farming, in this section of the State, although the rain of Saturday and Sunday was very gratefully received, and with warm weather farmers will now go at it with a will. In Rome, North Belgrade, and other places north of us, the ground was white with snow, Sunday morning, three inches falling in some places.

In the women's exhibit at the World's Fair from South Dakota will be a life size statue of a Sioux Indian maiden. The subject was Minnehaha, the eighteen year old daughter of Sitting Bear, who was prominent in the engagement with Gen. Custer's troops on the Little Big Horn. Minnehaha fell in love with a lieutenant in the U. S. army at Fort Sully, and died of a broken heart.

The President on Friday issued a proclamation announcing that in reciprocity for the admission into the United States free of all duty of articles enumerated in section 3 of the tariff act, approved Oct. 1, 1890, the government of Guatemala will, on and after May 30, 1892, admit free of all duty into the ports of entry of that republic, twenty-nine classes of articles of merchandise, provided the same be the product or manufacture of the United States.

A new cable is to be laid across the Atlantic between Africa and South America. This is a hopeful indication that these two backward continents are coming forward in the march of civilization. During the next century it is probable that both Africa and South America will be threaded with railroads and sown with cities, and that new, modern and distinct civilizations will grow up in both continents. No continent can long remain "dark" that comes in contact with an ocean cable.

It hardly seems credible, but it is true that the committee on itineracy of the Methodist convention, now in session at Omaha, has decided by a vote of 40 to 19 to recommend the abolition of the pastoral term limit. This is practically advising that itineracy be given up. There are evidently some very radical delegates at that Convention; one of them wanted to introduce dancing and theatre going, among the permissables. But the conference decided to make no change in the attitude of the church towards dancing and card playing. They are not entirely certain that these amusements are strategems of Satan; but are determined to be on the safe side.

Mr. James R. Osgood, the well known publisher, who went from Boston several years ago, died in London on Thursday. He had a finely cultivated mind; was much prized as a companion and associate by many authors, among whom was Charles Dickens, who, in his latest visit to this country, was especially attracted to him. He was amiable, companionable, and a favorite with a wide circle of the public in a rare degree. Those who composed it regretted greatly the circumstances which occasioned his departure from Boston. Probably no publisher in the country had such intimate relations with the most famous authors of the present and of the previous generation as James R. Osgood enjoyed.

A meeting of the executive officers of the Eastern Maine State Fair was held at Bangor last week. Men and teams are to commence work at once putting the track into first-class condition and in about ten days the track will be in readiness for the trial trotters. The premium list for the exhibition to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 30, 31st, and Sept. 1st and 2d has been revised and will be ready for distribution by the first of June. A contract has been closed with Mr. B. H. Demarest, the manager of the Myrtle Peek combination. Miss Peek will have 20 trained thoroughbred horses, and she is to add some new and daring feats of horsemanship. Several other new attractions are to appear, giving an additional circus character to this "agricultural" show.

Some two or three years ago trains were stopped in Northern Maine by an army of caterpillars but the pests finally disappeared without doing very much damage. North Carolina is now suffering in the same way, and the Tar Heelers are getting discouraged for this is their second attack. Caterpillars are so thick in the southern part of the State as to delay trains on the North Carolina Central Railway, just as they did a year ago. The trains have again killed many, but the vast body has marched into Columbus, Bladen and Robeson counties. Reports to the State Agricultural Department received last week, say the caterpillars have stripped the forests of all their leaves and are moving slowly westward. So far as reported, they have not attacked the crops.

The Bangor *Whig* of Friday published the resolutions adopted unanimously at a large attended meeting of B. H. Ins.'s Post, Bangor, protesting against the selection of Memorial Day as a time for the meeting of the wheelmen of the State in that city. The old soldiers have a natural and deep seated feeling against the growing tendency to make this day, sacred to the memory of their departed comrades in arms, a season for field sports. It is true that it is a legal holiday, but it was made so as an evidence of a Nation's respect for its loyal defenders, living and dead, and not for the purpose of recreation and sport. There are days enough in the year for all such meetings without selecting this particular day when so many hearts are filled with sorrowful memories of the terrible cost of war.

We publish on the first page the first of a series of interesting articles on "Familiar Applications of Physics," by Prof. James B. Stevens of the State College of Agriculture, written especially for the *Farmer*. There has long been noticed a desire on the part of farmers and others who have not the time to investigate for themselves, to be made acquainted with the general principles of the various departments of Physics, and more especially electricity. So the Professor has kindly consented to furnish a series of articles on certain subjects in Physics, and writing them in such a manner that our thoughtful readers may readily grasp the ideas of the writer. He will write two more papers on electricity and then take up "Sound," "Light," "Machines," "The constitution of Matter," "Popular Superstitions relating to Physics, and some other subjects.

The committee on the Fair for the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary to be held in Portland from the 23d to the 29 inst., wish to make known as widely as possible that they will have one of the greatest attractions ever offered in a Fair in this State, namely not only an exhibition of the beautiful goods manufactured at Sanford and Westbrook, but looms run by electricity in City Hall to show people exactly how these goods are made. This is an opportunity that occurs but once in a life-time, for but few persons ever have the privilege of seeing these looms in operation in the mill. Everybody that can possibly leave home should visit Portland some time during the week and witness these wonderful looms, the product of modern invention which do the work much more nicely than human hands could possibly do it. There will be an exhibition and donations of goods made in many other mills in the State.

THE RETURN OF MEMORIAL DAY. On Monday next will return the day sacred to every loyal heart in this country. For thirty years the gentle breezes of summer and the blasts of stern winter have swept over the graves of the dead soldiers. In the swift march of the ceaseless years, the country for which they fought and for which they died, has shown a growth, marvellous and unprecedented, in material prosperity, and we trust also in those higher qualities which make for the nation's true honor and lasting fame.

In the wonderful growth and progress that has been made, these United States have almost become a new nation. There has been an advance all along the line. The pioneer has gone forth into the wilderness, and it has bloomed and budded as the rose; the waste places have been made "as fair as the garden of the gods;" the "march of Empire" has taken huge strides across the continent, and populous centres of business and smiling, happy homes have sprung up, as if in response to the touch of the magician's wand.

We are a happy and contented people, progressive and prosperous, at peace with all the world, civilized and uncivilized; and though disturbed just now by labor complications and upheavals, we have the ability to bring order out of chaos, and are looking for a happy outcome from all these difficulties.

The great conflict that ended in the salvation of the nation, lives only in history or in the reminiscence of the older portion of our population. A new generation walks the earth since that conflict, and to them its lessons must be taught, not only from the open pages of history, but from the lips of those who mingled in the fray. Memorial Day thus becomes a help in directing the minds of the young to the cause of the most wicked rebellion the world ever saw, the mighty issues involved in the conflict, the sacrifices made to save and perpetuate American Liberty and hand down to coming generations the institutions of the American Union, which we all enjoy. As a help to this education in patriotism and the duties, privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship, these annual pilgrimages to the soldier's grave serve as a grand object lesson. And may we all come to this hallowed place with bowed and reverent heads, feeling that the place on which we stand is holy ground.

The highest and holiest gift a man can make is that of his own life. There can be no greater sacrifice than this. History holds in its keeping no more precious offering; the heart never gave up a greater treasure. So on Monday next, as these shrines of patriotism shall bloom with the fairest flowers of springtime, and as they shall speak to our souls in an unutterable language, may we be enabled to renew our allegiance to our beloved country.

"Soldier sleep! The fight is done and the saber's sheathed forever.
Thou art the Victor's wreath has won; wreath immortal, lasting never.
Gallant warrior, tread so tender; brave and gentle true as steel.
Ah! What words can ever render all the grief the column feels.

"Comrades weep! His warfare over, bear our brother to his rest,
Where the green and springing clover, soon shall blooms above his breast.
Leave him locked in icy slumber, mindless now of friend or foe,
Dearest, noblest of our number. Ah! How can we leave him so.

"But where'er the nation mourneth, on the graves Memorial day,
Over each who ne'er returneth from that bourne so far away,
Tender hands will flaunt flowers shall bedeck this honored grave,
Comrades' tears, in plenteous showers, dew the the turf above the brave."

CANNOT TELL BY THE LOOKS, ALWAYS. Some surprise is expressed that the published portraits of the murderer Deeming show him to be a man of honest and even benevolent appearance. There seems to be no good reason, however, why an expert criminal should not have the bang-dog look of a thief or the hardened face of a petty malefactor. Detectives nowadays place less reliance than ever before on the convicting testimony of a suspected criminal's physiognomy. The "blush of guilt," the "thief's eye," and other signs once regarded as incriminating, have gone the way of other myths. It is the mild mannered man who scutties ships, and it is the smiling rogue who does the great deeds of villainy—a fact which Shakespeare knew as well as the modern detectives. We have known an innocent girl, charged suddenly with a crime, blush and appear as confused as though she were guilty. A glance at the face of America's great bank burglars, confidence men and counterfeiters, easily proves that Deeming's face is no exception to the rule of noted criminals possessing the features of innocence and respectability. We remember that Simms, one of the noted Bowdoinham bank robbers, had a face on which could be traced marked spiritual and intellectual lines. And yet he was the most cold-blooded and desperate scoundrel that ever infested New England.

In regard to the great granite strike, the situation remains practically unchanged, except that the workmen seem more encouraged and talk of forming companies to open quarries and pursue the business on their own account. The officials of the granite companies are not inclined to talk the matter over. The men are determined, but behave themselves well. The most unfavorable feature of the whole affair is that neither side seems inclined to yield to the kindly offices of arbitration. To let alone other parts of the country, the fact that this granite strike has thrown nearly 8000 men out of work in Maine, gives a hint of what Maine's rock-ribbed hills are worth from an industrial point of view. Probably most of these men get more than $2.50 a day in wages. At that rate the daily pay of the men would amount to $20,000, nearly the whole of which must come from the cities out of the State where the granite is used principally.

FARMERS' FIELD DAY AT MAINE STATE COLLEGE. Arrangements have been made for a farmers' field day at the Maine State College on June 15th. All interested in the work of the institution are cordially invited to attend. The Maine Central Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Orono from all points east of Waterville for one fare. The same arrangement will be made for parties west of Waterville who send their names to Prof. Walter Balentine in season for him to notify the General Ticket Agent of the road of their desire to attend the meeting. The Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Orono from all stations for one fare. Tickets on both roads good on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. Carriages from and to depot and dinner will be provided by the college. All organizations making arrangements to attend the meeting should notify Prof. Balentine as early as possible.

The large medicine firm of H. H. Hay & Son, wholesale dealers in drugs, chemicals, paints, oils, varnishes, brushes, etc., Portland, is so well known throughout New England, that we need scarcely more than call attention to the advertisement. Their reputation for square dealing is proverbial, and people know whom to trust after the experience they have had with this old and reliable firm. There is no establishment that can surpass it in its line of business. The old and popular medicine, Atwood's Bitters, the unsurpassed blood purifier, is made a specialty by this company.

MR. C. F. Taylor of South Vassalboro, the well known horseman, sold a colt to Mr. Nelson when four months old, at a big price. In turn, Nelson sold the colt to Massachusetts parties for a still higher price, and will keep him until three years old to develop him. When this colt was nine days old, Mr. Taylor led him into the *Farmer* office. This colt was sired by Dictator Chief, out of Glenarm's sister, and is out of the dam of Mr. Taylor's stallion Sir Nominee, which has been advertised in the *Farmer*.

Col. H. G. Staples, of this city, President of the Maine Veterans' Association, says that the Executive Committee have decided not to hold an annual encampment this year on account of the fact that most of the veterans will prefer to attend the National Encampment at Washington, and few will feel like attending both. Interest in the association has not lessened since last year, and it is believed it will not diminish by reason of this postponement.

The third district republican congressional convention for the nomination of a candidate for Congress, will be held at Waterville, July 6th. Delegates chosen before the call is issued will not be eligible. The district committee met at Waterville, Monday, and reached this decision.

THE GOOD RECORD OF ONE FARMER. One of our old and respected subscribers, Mr. A. P. Moore of Palermo, in writing a business letter, pleasantly recalls interesting facts: "I am a subscriber of long standing. If I remember rightly, I commenced to pay for the *Maine Farmer* in 1853, for Lewis Worthing, and I bought the farm on which I now live, and took the paper in my own name in 1860, and have continued it since that time. I had no experience in farming previous to coming on to this farm, having been in the mill and lumber business from boyhood; but by making good use of what little brains I had, and with what information I got from time to time from the dear old *Farmer*, I have been able to keep pace with my brother farmers, and I may be a little conceited, but I think a little ahead; for while my neighbors have been grumbling concerning the hard times, I have not failed to clear my $300 per year when I was able to work, and attend to my work; but now, as my health has failed, and having lost all my family, I am obliged to give it up; and yet, Mr. Editor, I can look back with pleasure to the time when I used to have a nice pair of matched steers to sell in the spring, for which I could almost invariably get $200. That I could lay by for a rainy day. But those times are past, and I am left alone.

I would like to give the readers of the *Farmer* the benefit of my experience in the line of sheep breeding, or the improvement of sheep. Although I have raised some good steers and horses, my best cares have been given to the improvement of sheep. About the year 1864, I commenced with a small flock of grades, Cotswold and Leicester; they proved to be good shearers and good mothers, but were too short lived. Would commence to fail at six or seven years, and by the time they were eight or nine years they were too old to be profitable. Then I used a Southdown buck. This cross gave me a lighter fleece, but better mutton and longer life. I got a flock of 25 from them. Then I used a full blooded Oxford, and that year I got 15 bucks and 11 ewes. The 11 I kept, so I had no chance to pick, and the next spring they brought me 11 lambs, and sheared an average of a little over 10 lbs. each, and I have one of that flock to-day 20 years old, with a nice set of teeth; can cut her hay and crack her corn as well as a yearling. She dropped a lamb the last of April that weighed 10½ lbs., and at one week later weighed 17½ lbs. Of course her fleece is light. Last year she sheared 5 lbs.; this year a little less. I have 19 ewes, and I think I am perfectly safe in saying that there is not one in the flock but what will shear a good fleece and drop a good lamb until they are 20 and past, as I have not kept a lamb unless it was dropped by a sheep that would be in her prime at 10 or 11 years. So if any one has had better success in this line than myself, I would be pleased to hear from them."

THE WESTERN FLOODS. Since our last issue the news from the flooded section of the country has been one prolonged tale of disaster, although we are happy to state that during the past three days the troubled waters have been subsiding. In Arkansas the whole Red River bottom was a veritable sea of waters, from 30 to 50 miles wide, about twenty miles. All crop prospects are hopelessly doomed. Reports from Mulberry, White Oak and Atlas show at least 20,000 acres of land in that, Franklin county, were covered with water to the depth of from six inches to six feet. Farmers from the river counties report that the loss by the overflow will be the greatest in the history of the State. Not alone will it be most ruined by the deposit of sand. Some have lost heavily by the caving, and others were swept away by changes in the channel. In many instances portions of plantations have been carried bodily away. All this comes in addition to the damage actually done to existing property. As to the numbers of persons driven either from their homes or to their roofs, in the flooded territory, an estimate is impossible, figures ranging from 4,000 to 8,000. Beyond this, in St. Louis, at least 15,000 persons have been temporarily thrown out of work by the stopping of factories by the high water.

Great alarm is felt over the potato outlook. The big American Bottom, comprising nearly all of Madison and St. Clair counties, Ill., is one of the largest potato fields in the Mississippi Valley. It is completely inundated, and not a potato will it produce. Its farmers devote their time principally to raising potatoes and cabbages, and had there been no flood crop would have been moving and moving about July 1, fifteen days later than usual on account of the late season. Now there are no potatoes to move. The cabbage crop is also ruined.

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION. The Maine Universalist Convention is called to meet in annual session in the Winthrop Street Universalist Church, Augusta, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 7, 8, 9. The Maine Cetnral R. R. will sell tickets to and from the convention at half price. We are able to get an advance copy of the programme of the exercises, which we publish:

TUESDAY, JUNE 7TH.

10 A. M. Organization of Convention.
11 A. M. Sermon by Rev. Miss Myra Kingsbury.
2 P. M. Business. Sermon, by Rev. O. F. Safford, D. D., followed by the Communion Service, Revs. R. H. Aldrich and W. E. Gaskin, officiating.
7 P. M. Business of the convention.
7.30 P. M. Platform meeting with address by Rev. Ernest Caverno, "Opportunity and What It Involves;" and address by Rev. A. Conklin, "A Practical Opportunity of the Church."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8TH.

5 A. M. Conference meeting, led by Rev. B. Brunning.
8 A. M. Conference meeting, leader to be announced.
9.30 A. M. Business of the convention.
2 P. M. Meeting of Missionary Association.
7 P. M. Business of the convention.
7.30 P. M. Platform meeting. Addresses: First subject and speaker to be announced. Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D., "The Universalist Curch the Vanguard of the Church Universal."

THURSDAY, JUNE 9TH.

5 A. M. Conference meeting, led by Rev. O. F. Alford.
8 A. M. Conference meeting, led by Rev. E. A. Gee.
9.30 A. M. Address, speaker and topic to be announced. Address by Rev. E. L. Houghton, "How Can the Church Aid in the Solution of the Social Problem?" These addresses to be followed by discussion and the General Convention.
2 P. M. Sermon, preacher to be announced.

The people will be cordially welcomed to our city.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Governor Burleigh, on Friday, made the following nominations:

Chairman of the Board of Railroad Comulssioners—Ira M. Morrill, Rockland.
Board of Examiners in Dentistry—L. S. Chilcott, Bangor; C. H. Sawyer, Skowhegan.
Agent to Prevent Cruelty to Animals—Wallace E. Berry, Winthrop.
Trustees—Ira M. Morrill, Rockland.
Notaries Public—Frank S. Harlow, Dixfield; George A. Thompson, Portland; Edward F. Clark, Tremont; Edward B. MacAllister, Rockland.
Inspector of Fish—A. H. Mayo, Brooklin.
Notaries Public—Samuel D. Pinnson, Portland; Fred A. Tarbox, Biddeford.
Trial Justices—Charles W. Tracy, Gouldsboro; John F. Gray, Brookaville.
Trial Justices—John C. Ingraham, Hodgdon; Hugh F. Porter, Pembroke.
Notaries Public—Frank S. Harlow, Dixfield; George A. Thompson, Portland; Clark, Tremont; Edward B. MacAllister, Rockland.
Trial Justices—Edward Noyes, Portland; Noyes, Portland; F. H. Gillis, Bangor; Samuel M. Haskell, Garland; Alonzo Q. Miller, Auburn; Timothy F. Sullivan, Kennebunk; Clarence Hale, Portland; John F. Woods, Farmington; Seth L. Larrabee, Portland; Alonzo Q. Fogg, Hodgdon; W. Bradbury, Portland; H. F. Blanchard, Augusta; Richard H. T. Taylor, Wiscasset; Leroy L. Hight, Portland; Everett S. Norton, Farmington; Howard Rawson, Waldoboro; George H. Fickett, Columbia; A. O. Frederic, Norridgewock; Frank J. Dennett, Hoults; Wellington Johnson, Whitefield.

KENT'S HILL ANNIVERSARY. Anniversary week at Kent's Hill will be June 5-9, the programme being as follows:

Sunday, June 5th, at 2 P. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon by the President.
Monday, Tuesday, June 6th and 7th—Annual Examinations.
Tuesday, at 7.30 P. M.—Prize Contest in Declamation.
Wednesday, June 8th, at 10.30 A. M.—Oration by Hon. Orrin B. Judkins, of Augusta.
Wednesday, at 2.30 P. M.—Class Day Exercises.
Wednesday Evening—Commencement Concert.
Thursday, at 8 P. M.—Commencement.

During the decade 1880 to 1890 the National debt of the United States was decreased $1,030,557,260, from $1,922,517,364 to $891 960,104, while the State and local indebtedness which was $1,123,378 647 in 1880 has been increased to $1,135,310,442, an increase of but 1 per cent. The decrease per capita of combined national, State and local debt during the same period was from $60.73 to $32.37. During the same period the assessed value of property for taxation increased from $17,000,000,000 to $25,500,000,000 (or 50 per cent.) a reduction of public debt and an increase of wealth for the country unprecedented at least in modern times.

Marcellus Baker, the Maine pugilist, died in Boston, Monday, of pneumonia. His age was 46 years.

THOSE WHO WILL SPEAK. Following is supposed to be a complete list of the orators engaged in Maine, to speak in the different places on Monday next, Memorial Day. All but two are residents of this State. We have tried to get a full list, although we may possibly have made omissions:

Augusta—Hon. H. M. Heath of Augusta.
Abbot—Rev. R. H. Aldrich of Herman.
Auburn—Rev. C. A. Hayden of Auburn.
Appleton—Herbert M. Lord of Rockland.
Athens—Rev. C. A. Laughton of Solon.
Bryant's Pond—Hon. Sidney Perham.
Buckfield—Rev. H. F. Lawrance of Buckfield.
Brooks—J. O. Johnson, Esq., of Liberty.
Bucksport—Rev. William Forsyth.
Boothbay—Rev. C. D. Crane of New Castle.
Bluehill—Rev. J. P. Haley of Bucksport.
Biddeford—Hon. Frederick Robie of Gorham.
Bath—Hon. A. M. Spear of Gardiner.
Bethel—A. S. Bangs of Augusta.
Blaine—Rev. Mr. Thompson of Baird's Mills.
Buxton Centre—Hon. John H. Fogg of Portland.
Bingham—Rev. G. M. Hamilton of Solon.
Caribou—Rev. C. W. Foster of Caribou.
Columbia—Rev. M. Kearney.
Cherryfield—Mrs. Margaret C. Hunter of Cherryfield.
Cornish—E. C. Milliken.
Castine—George H. Witherice, Esq.
China Village—Rev. W. A. Brown of Clinton.
Dover—Rev. H. R. Mitchell of Dover.
Dixfield—Col. A. S. Austin of Paris.
Ellsworth—Rev. J. Joseby of Brewer.
East Sumner—Hon. Samuel W. Lane of Augusta.
Etna—O. A. Turk, Esq., of Augusta.
East Machias—John F. Lynch, Esq., of Machias.
East Corinth—Hugh H. Chaplin of Bangor.
Farmington—Maj. H. S. Belcher of Portland.
Fryeburg—Gen. C. P. Mattocks of Portland.
Fairfield—Rev. J. Farnham.
Gardiner—Frank R. Wiggin of Bangor.
Guilford—Rev. John Tinling.
Hermon—Dr. B. B. Miller of Rockland.
Hampden—Prof. Allen E. Rogers of the Maine State College, Orono.
Hallowell—Rev. A. C. Townes of Auburn.
Hindmarsh—Dr. D. A. Robinson of Bangor.
Kittery—Hon. John J. Perry of Portland.
Litchfield—Rev. J. F. Leland of Augusta.
Lewiston—Col. French of New York, and F. J. Daggett.
Livermore Falls—Rev. C. A. Southard of St. Albans.
Lovell—Hon. J. S. Hobbs of Litchfield.
Lincoln—Gen. W. P. Johnson of Round Pond.
Milo—Rev. E. F. Pember of Bangor.
Mapleton—Judge Smith of Presque Isle.
Mt. Desert—Hon. A. P. Wiswell of Ellsworth.
Monson—Rev. S. C. Fletcher of Dexter.
Madison—Rev. C. S. Cummings of Rockland.
Monmouth—Rev. W. G. Wade.
North Brewer—Dr. D. A. Robinson of Bangor.
Norway—Rev. M. K. Mabry of Rumford.
Newfield—E. S. Morris of Biddeford.
New Castle—Rev. Ira A. Cousens of Litchfield.
North Anson—Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell of Augusta.
North Whitefield—Rev. Mr. Bacon of Damariscotta.
Norridgewock—Rev. E. L. House of Skowhegan.
Old Town—Rev. F. C. Andrews of Old Town.
Portland—Gen. F. Cilley of Rockland.
Portland—Hon. W. L. Putnam and Rev. M. S. Hughes of Portland.
Peru—Wm. J. Maybury of Springvale.
Presque Isle—Dr. F. M. Eveleth of Waldoboro.
Philadelphia—Hon. J. J. Cash of Turner.
Rockland—Rev. J. H. Farahley of Rockland.
Rockport—S. L. Miller of Waldoboro.
Richmond—Rev. E. E. Wheeler of South Boston.
Rumford—W. S. Robinson of Hartford.
Randolph—Rev. V. S. Hillis.
Sprague's Mills—Hon. H. O. Perry of Fort Fairfield.
Saco—Rev. S. J. Hanscom of Boothbay Harbor.
Sidney—Hon. Joseph Orton of Augusta.
Skowhegan—Rev. E. H. Hallock of Waterville.
Springfield—Hon. Edward Wiggin of Mayville.
South Paris—Hon. L. A. Emerson of Winthrop.
South China—N. H. Fossett of Riverside.
South Gardiner—Rev. Mr. Rice of Richmond.
Strong—Maj. S. Clifford Belcher of Farmington.
Turner—Rev. C. A. Southard of St. Albans.
Thomaston—Rev. H. Bonsfield.
Vienna—Rev. F. Starbird of West Farmington.
Winthrop—Rev. C. H. Leonard of Winthrop.
Winn—Capt. H. N. Fairbanks of Bangor.
West Buxton—Rev. W. S. McIntire of Biddeford.
Warren—Rev. C. H. Watson.
West Gardiner—Rev. A. S. Ladd of Gardiner.
Whitney—Rev. C. Jordan, Esq., of Augusta.
Waldoboro—Col. L. D. Carver of Rockland.
Westbrook—Hon. H. H. Burbank of Saco.
Washington—Rev. Mr. Boomhower.
Vienna—Rev. F. Starbird of West Farmington.
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Whitney—Rev. C. Jordan, Esq., of Augusta.
Waldoboro—Col. L. D. Carver of Rockland.
Westbrook—Hon. H. H. Burbank of Saco.
Yarmouth—Rev. Lauriston Reynolds of Yarmouth.

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY. As a result of the agitation by the late E. C. Allen, Vickery & Hill, and the other great Augusta publishers, and their contemporaries in other parts of the country, the matter of reviving fractional currency of twenty years ago, or some substitute for it, is coming to the front. A bill on the subject was referred early in the season to a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. Wike of Illinois, Mr. Cate of Arkansas and Mr. Henderson of North Carolina, but no report has been made on any action in the matter. Mr. Wike says that his personal view is in favor of doing away with paper money below denominations of $1, in order to compel the use of gold and silver coin.

The essential argument for a new issue of fractional currency is for use in sending small sums by mail. The post office authorities do not encourage the sending of money by mail, except in registered letters or by money orders, because of the temptation offered to post office clerks, and the difficulty of tracing thefts when they occur.

The House committee on post offices, however, has reported a bill for the issue of postal fractional notes of fixed denominations not exceeding one dollar, to meet this demand for sending small sums through the mails. Postage stamps are regularly used as the figures: St. Louis county, $3,000,000; city of St. Louis, $1,000,000; St. Charles county, $2,000,000; the American Bottom, from Alton, Ill., to Cairo, $5,000,000, including a particular person and vicinity; total $11,000,000. These figures, astounding as they may seem, are considered by competent judges extremely conservative. Indeed, at this hour it must be remembered that in all the flooded territory referred to, practically 1,500 square miles, the waters have rendered it, in the majority of cases, impossible for the farming population to get about to do any work. All this comes in addition to the damage actually done to existing property. As to the numbers of persons driven either from their homes or to their roofs, in the flooded territory, an estimate is impossible, figures ranging from 4,000 to 8,000. Beyond this, in St. Louis, at least 15,000 persons have been temporarily thrown out of work by the stopping of factories by the high water.

Great alarm is felt over the potato outlook. The big American Bottom, comprising nearly all of Madison and St. Clair counties, Ill., is one of the largest potato fields in the Mississippi Valley. It is completely inundated, and not a potato will it produce. Its farmers devote their time principally to raising potatoes and cabbages, and had there been no flood crop would have been moving and moving about July 1, fifteen days later than usual on account of the late season. Now there are no potatoes to move. The cabbage crop is also ruined.

PROBATE BUSINESS, KENNEBEC COUNTY. Frank T. Yeaton of Randolph was appointed Administrator on the estate of Jennie A. Yeaton of Randolph. Henry G. Staples of Augusta, appointed Administrator on estate of Hannah Staples of Augusta. Kate M. Beeman of Hallowell, Administratrix on estate of Sarah F. Beeman of Hallowell. Albert G. Clifford of Winslow, Administrator on estate of Eliza Tiffany of Oakland. W. S. O. Elliott of Readfield, Administrator on estate of David Elliott of Readfield. John C. Taylor of Westport, Mass., Administrator on the estate of Edwin C. Taylor of Belgrade; Leander Yeaton, Agent. Alger V. Currier of Hallowell appointed Administrator *de bonis non*, with will annexed, on the estate of Samuel Currier of Hallowell. Rosanuah V. Stevens of Winthrop appointed Administratrix on estate of Emily Rice of Winthrop. Abigail P. James of Oakland appointed Special Administratrix on estate of Isaiah James of Oakland.

Wills proved, approved and allowed: Of Eliza T. Stedman of Waterville; F. C. Thayer of Waterville appointed Executor. Of Louisa Neal of Litchfield; Augustus Neal of Litchfield appointed Executor. Of Francis G. Pressey of Waterville; Warren C. Philbrook of Waterville appointed Administrator with will annexed. Of Joseph R. Partridge of Augusta; Julia Partridge of Augusta appointed Executrix. Of Wm. Marston of Waterville; Ella P. Morse of Waterville appointed Executrix. Of James Dustin of Winslow; Caddie Dustin and Fred Dustin of Winslow appointed Executors.

Hattie A. Malcolm of West Gardiner was appointed Guardian of Hiram B. and James C. Malcolm of West Gardiner. Minnie M. Rollins of Belgrade was appointed Guardian of Mary E. Rollins of Belgrade, of unsound mind. John H. Haines of Rockland was appointed Guardian of William S. Haines of Hallowell, of unsound mind. Edward F. Lyford of Springfield, Mass., was appointed Guardian of Lee Watson of Winslow. R. W. Black of Augusta was appointed Guardian of Nathaniel W. Chase of Vassalboro, of unsound mind.

In the Insolvency Court a discharge was granted to Albert F. P. Collins of Chelsea. Thos. Leigh, Jr., was appointed Assignee on the estate of Wm. A. Wall & Son, Augusta. E. W. Whitehouse, Augusta, was appointed Assignee on the estate of Hannah P. Ballard of Augusta. The case of Cyrus Southard of Augusta was dismissed from the Court.

The next meeting of the Probate Court will be held on Tuesday, June 13th.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY. The little old wooden building, Water street, Gardiner, near the Holmes Company's foundry, was the scene of a thrilling tragedy which startled the inhabitants of the quiet town Saturday evening, about 10 o'clock. Parker Talbot shot his wife and then himself. The upper story of the building where the shooting took place is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, also Mr. and Mrs. Talbot. The cause of the shooting was a family quarrel. A week ago Saturday night, Talbot came home drunk and drove his wife and two children from their home. Mrs. Talbot went to her sister's, and Saturday night Talbot went there to see her. They talked awhile in the entry. Talbot told his wife he was going away and wanted to give her something and also to ask her a question. She said, "If you have a question to ask, go a head; but whatever you have to give me you can keep. I do not want it." Talbot said, "I am going away and you will go with me." He immediately fired at her, hitting her in the left side, just below the heart. She ran into the front room. Charles F. Tabor stepped into the hall and Talbot fired at him but missed. Mrs. Talbot ran down the front door yard but; he told her to get out of the way, as he did not want to hurt her. It was his wife she was after. She started to close the door when he fired one shot into the room. He had two children in the room, but made no attempt to kill them. Then he turned the revolver and shot himself, the ball taking effect just above the heart. He died in a little while. Mrs. Talbot still lives, but is in a critical condition. The weapon used was a 32 calibre double acting revolver.

KENNEBEC POMONA AT PITTSTON. The farmers of Kennebec will compare favorably with those of any other county in the State, and those which seem to be prospering the best are the ones who take an active interest in their calling, and meet their friends, as well as discuss the important questions there presented. Last Wednesday fully one hundred and twenty-five met with the wide-awake Grange at Pittston and all had a royal good time. The morning session was a short one on account of the failure of the members to reach the hall at the appointed hour. Worthy Master Moore probably drove as far as any one, and he was in his seat at the time named and obliged to wait for others living much nearer. A very interesting address of welcome was made by Sister Scott, and responded to by Bro. Hobbs of Litchfield, and these with the reports of the several Granges in the county fully occupied the forenoon. Many a man living on high, low fairly groaned under the load of good things brought in by the sisters, and dinner and supper were served to all.

At the opening of the afternoon session, after music by the choir and recitations by a member of Pittston Grange and by Sister Ritchie of Waldo, who is teaching in Chelsea, the subject of the disposal of the hay crop was taken up, and the different views expressed by the members present, and all, if possible, how the farmer can sell the hay from the farm and still maintain its fertility. No one appeared to defend this course, though some thought it could be done. The general trend of thought was in the direction of the largest possible consumption of the crop to such classes of stock as *will* pay a profit. Sheep, cows, and, to a certain extent, horses were named, but the chief dependence for the consumption of the hay was towards the butter cow. Among the speakers, we noticed Bros. Clifford of Winthrop, Weston of Belgrade, Barton of Windsor, Nelson of Winthrop, Coburn of Windsor, Twitchell of Augusta, Yeaton of Chelsea, and others. Incidentally the subject of growing calves for the market came in, and some good suggestions were offered. Incidentally it was shown that three weeks old, Bro. Yeaton urged that they be kept until four or eight weeks old, have all the milk and what oil cake they will eat, as they sell for a very much larger sum. Those, like Bro. Clifford, who are getting thirty cents a pound for their butter the year round, of course stood up for the dairy, and the result of the discussion was to furnish many points of value. Bro. Bachelder strongly advocated the growing of clover, and a short term rotation by which the fields might be kept at a high state of cultivation.

The subject of weather signals for the agricultural sections was assigned to Bro. Twitchell, who spoke at length, urging that this Pomona take action looking to a thorough investigation of the important question, and the establishment of signals upon the hilltops of Kennebec, near enough together so that the information can be of benefits of the same. The growth of the system of weather signals was sketched, and the possible uses to which it might be extended presented, the speaker showing its important bearing upon the agricultural problem and the financial success of the farmers. If these signals are to be set it must be by some concerted action by those to be immediately benefited, and they must be displayed earlier in the day—surely by six o'clock—in order for the farmer to avail himself of the forecasts. Bro. Hobbs followed, indorsing the suggestions of Bro. T., and urging that the Pomona take action, looking to the establishment of signals throughout the county. Bro. Yeaton cited cases showing how the farmers now look for, and wait for the morning whistle from the Allen building to tell them what are the probabilities for the coming day. At the hour of adjournment this subject was still on the table, and it was voted that a half hour be set aside at the next meeting for its further consideration. The Lecturer announced the programme for the June meeting, at Sidney, as follows:

10 A. M. Opening exercises. Address of welcome by Sister Lizzie Barton, response by Sister W. E. Cunningham. Report of Granges. Business.

1.30 P. M. Singing by the choir. Thirty minutes entertainment by the members of Sidney Grange. Essay by Sister Scott, subject, "How to Lighten the Labors of the Farmers' Wives." Twenty minutes discussion of the same. Essay by Bro. L. G. Tiley of Sidney Grange, subject, "Possible Profit to be Derived by Buying Commercial Fertilizers." Discussion of the same, all brothers present being expected to take part.

The subject of weather signals will occupy a half hour during the day, at such time as may seem best after coming together. The date of the meeting will be fixed by the Sidney Grange, and given in the papers in ample season. A full attendance is desired.

The King of Siam, who is said to possess one of the finest collections of diamonds in the world, recently sent an agent to Paris to sell some of his best gems. Foreign papers say that His Majesty has decided to build a beautiful crystal palace and to purchase a magnificent yacht, and wishes to raise money for the purpose.

The Livermore Falls Fruit Growers' Association will hold a me

Items of Maine News.

Ellsworth is to have a Fourth of July celebration.

Mechanic Falls is talking of a Fourth of July celebration and has formed an organization for this purpose.

F. A. James & Co., dealers in provisions etc., Mattawamkeag, have gone into insolvency.

The woolen mill in Wilton is rushed with orders, and is working over hours to get up with the demand for its goods.

Ollie, son of James Fish of Rockland, was found dead on the Limerock Railroad track, Saturday. His body was nearly cut in too.

John W. Campbell's valuable trotter, of Bath, was frightened by the cars, ran away, and was so badly injured that she had to be killed.

H. B. Gifford a well known citizen of Richmond, and one of the proprietors of the local paper, "Everybody's Friend," died Thursday evening.

Mr. John Davis of New Portland had one of his limbs amputated a little above the knee last Saturday. He has been lame with a sore knee for a long time which affected the bone.

Wednesday, Capt. Newbury living in Jonesport, died suddenly in Boston. He was employed by Gordon Dexter as master of his yacht. Death was caused by heart disease.

Mrs. Isaac Buzzell living with her son in East Skowhegan, committed suicide Sunday afternoon the 15th inst. Mrs. Buzzell had been insane at times within a few weeks. Her age was 73 years.

Bowdoinham fishermen report shad not very plenty, but prices range well up to the profit mark. As for alewives or herring, one would judge that they were "out on a strike."

Dr. B. F. Bradbury of Norway has recently lost a valuable horse. While on one of his trips to see a patient the horse fell, causing the end of the thill to enter its body.

C. S. McGuire the well known lumber operator of Washburn, lost his home and household goods by fire a few weeks since. When the news reached his crew in the woods they immediately raised $150 and presented it to Mr. McGuire.

Mark Island, an island of sixty acres, immediately across the bay from Camden, has recently changed hands, and the owners, New Yorkers, have contracted for a steamboat wharf to be built this season. Cottages will probably come next, or a hotel.

Calvin Johnson of Lubec Station, is having quite a serious time caused by the use of a fork entering his foot. At one time it was thought it would cause blood poisoning, but at this writing he seems some better.

William H. Fish of Anson dropped dead at his home the other morning. He had just eaten his breakfast and while preparing to go out to his work dropped dead at the looking glass brushing his hair—supposed apoplexy. He was about 30 years old.

Rev. John C. Perkins of the First Parish church, Portland, will be married June 28th, in Roxbury, Mass., who will sail immediately after the marriage for England, returning in time for the opening of the church in September. The pulpit will be supplied during July.

Benj. Crossman of Wiscasset, who several years ago came near murdering his wife in a drunken frenzy, frightened his family from the house Saturday night, while intoxicated, his children fleeing to a neighbors in their night clothes and remained away all night.

Joseph Laveck a young man of Sheridan plantation, took his gun and gun and went into the woods to cut poles to build a log house. Not returning when expected, search was made and he was found dead, shot through the body, it is supposed, by the accidental discharge of his gun.

The Deputy U. S. Collector at Fort Fairfield, recently seized 7,000 fruit trees coming into Aroostook from Sharp's Nursery at Woodstock, N. B., and the trees were sold at auction to the highest bidder, last Wednesday, Mr. Sharp securing the lot for $1,000.

Blanche Nelson, the two years old daughter of Watts Nelson of Palermo, narrowly escaped drowning a few days ago. She was at play at the watering trough, which was a half hogshead filled with water, and fell in head first. She was rescued by her little sister, four years old.

The grand jury of York county on Tuesday returned 40 indictments. The following is the list: Fred Cullen, Biddeford, assault and battery; Benjamin C. Godfrey, Limington, robbery; Fred Leavitt, Saco, larceny; Edward Kelley, Saco, breaking and entering. Living L. Hill, Saco, attempted poisoning.

Lewiston's new city building was dedicated Thursday night. The exercises consisted of prayer, a chorus of one hundred and fifty school children, formal delivery of the keys to the Mayor and response, and addresses by ex-Governor Garcelon and other citizens. The dedicatory ball occurred Friday evening.

A wild cat which has been prowling about Monkton recently made a raid upon the hoggery of Frank Wing of the Mountain House. Before he was found out the cat lugged off and feasted upon twenty or more little pigs which were valued at eighty dollars. Mr. Wing says that if he can find the wild cat but they have objection to giving him pork, as it comes too high.

Cole Brothers' Hall at Bethel was dedicated Wednesday evening, by a musical entertainment. The hall will seat about 1000 and is spacious and well built. The citizens are thankful to the proprietors for erecting such a beautiful block and furnishing such a magnificent hall, which was a credit to their enterprise and an ornament to the village.

Henry Fogg an old and well known resident of Fairfield, was found dead in the orchard back of his house, Sunday afternoon. He had complained of pain in his chest and his death was probably caused by heart trouble. Mr. Fogg was a prominent Kennebec lumberman for many years and formerly a manufacturer of long and short lumber. For the past eight or nine years he had lived on his farm about one mile from Fairfield village. Mr. Fogg was well known in Masonic circles.

The Piscataquis Central Park at Dover is fast going to destruction by the action of the weather and neglect in keeping things in repair. Nearly half of the fence inclosing the track has rotted down and now lies flat on the ground, while the buildings are fast going to decay and present a most unsightly appearance. The premises would make an excellent location for a large manufacturing establishment of some kind, they being located so near the railroad track.

The other night report was circulated that there was a mad dog on the streets of South Paris, reports the *Oxford Democrat*. A large and valuable dog belonging to Clifton Kilgore had bitten Mr. Kilgore in the left hand, and his wife's hand, which had been called. The dog had swum the river and had been seen in the village. He had a fight with Dr. Corbett's dog and the Corbett dog was shot. The next day Mr. Kilgore searched for the dog, but found him Thursday at Frost's Corner, Norway, and had him shot. The dog was valued at fifty dollars.

Fred E. Davidson has been appointed postmaster at Appleton, vice A. H. Newbert, resigned; and Asa F. Stearns, postmaster at Rumford, vice J. H. Wardwell, resigned. Mr. Wardwell is to remove to Rumford Falls. Post offices have been established at Diamond, Cumberland county, and Charles H. Ross appointed postmaster, and at Highland, Knox county, with William D. Stone appointed postmaster. John H. Libby has been appointed postmaster at Scarboro, vice George M. Oliver, resigned. These postmasters have also been appointed: George A. Royal, Kennebago Lake, and Mrs. Helen F. Merry, South Newcastle, vice V. C. Haggett.

Perkins Titcomb of Kennebunkport, son of Hon. J. A. Titcomb, committed suicide Sunday morning. His father when he rose in the morning found his son in the sitting room. He went out to build the kitchen fire, and then went to the barn and found the body of his son lying on the floor near the door. It was found that he had taken an old navy revolver belonging to his father and shot himself in the right temple. A letter was found addressed to his parents in which he said he was tired of life and made up his mind that his life would be a burden to himself and to them, and thought it best for all that he should end his life. Mr. Perkins was 24 years of age, unmarried.

The Grand Lodge of Maine, Knights of Pythias, met at Portland, Wednesday morning, a full attendance of all the grand officers and most of the representatives being present. Grand Chancellor Fred E. Beane in his annual address reported two lodges dropped and five new ones instituted. The general condition of the order is encouraging, there being a considerable gain in membership and interest. Grand Keeper of Records and Seal Wesley G. Smith, reported 72 lodges, a gain of three; members added, 927; dropped, 366; total gain, 527. There are now 8500 members. The rest of the business was of a routine character. The following officers were elected: Grand Chancellor, Geo. M. Hanson, Calais; Vice Chancellor, Henry Sabine, Lewiston; Prelate, John E. Greene, Portland; Grand Keeper of Records, Wesley G. Smith, Portland; Master of Exchequer, E. C. Milliken, Portland; Master at Arms, W. A. Taylor, Portland; Inner Guard, Frank W. Preble, Berwick; Outer Guard, L. H. Kendall, Biddeford.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man who, if he tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive today and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effect; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Items of General News.

James Pierce of Santa Clara, Cal., a millionaire, has married his house servant, Julia Nef. He is 70 years of age and he is worth $3,000,000.

The trotting gelding Rarus, at one time holder of the world's record at his gait, died a day or two ago at Robert Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, N. Y., at the age of 25 years.

William H. Vanderbilt, the eldest son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, died at his father's residence, New York city, Monday, at the age of 21. Typhoid fever was the cause of death. He was heir to many millions.

It is probable that legal proceedings in behalf of Almy will be taken before the full bench of the supreme court, in the form of raising a question of constitutionality of the law under which Almy was tried by the court. The constitution of the State provides "No subject shall be deprived of his life but by judgment of his peers."

Mr. Beale, United States minister to Persia, has just arrived in Washington. It is said his presence there is for the purpose of marrying Miss Hattie Blaine, youngest daughter of Secretary Blaine. His engagement to Miss Blaine has been standing for over a year. Mr. Beale is a grandson of the late Commodore Truxton, U. S. N.

The factory of the Elmas Pyrotechnic Company, on Mechanic St., Hartford, Conn., blew up Saturday afternoon, with a tremendous noise, which shook the city and was heard some miles in the country. The contents of the building flew high in the air and papers drifted off a mile or so from the scene. The employes were all rescued alive.

Chief Grain Inspector Clausen says: "Figuring the acreage likely to be put into wheat in the three States of Minnesota and the two Dakotas, with the average yield per acre for the last five years, there is likely to be a shortage of from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels from last year's yield, which is considered to have been about 150,000,000 bushels."

A brick building on Marshall's wharf, off Broad street, Lynn, Mass., owned by J. Otis Marshall, and occupied by him as a planing mill, was burned between 12 and 1 o'clock Friday morning. The building was three stories high, filled with inflammable material and costly machinery. The fire started in the engine room. Mr. Marshall's loss is $35,000; insurance $20,000.

It is said that Mrs. Harrison is suffering from complete nervous exhaustion, indirect result of three years attention to severe and exacting social duties of the White House. While her condition is not in any sense alarming, it will be many weeks before she will have fully recovered. She now needs perfect quiet and with this she will gradually regain her strength and ultimately good health.

A fire broke out at Spokane, Wash., Monday night, in the factory of the Spokane Mills, on the river front. The flames spread with wonderful rapidity and the employes had to run for their lives. Three of them were injured in leaping from the building. Two are missing and it is feared they have perished in the flames. Several adjacent buildings were also destroyed, causing a total loss of about $230,000.

The Panama Canal project has dropped quietly out of existance as far as American interests are concerned when the Panama Canal Dredging and Dock Company was declared dissolved by Judge Ingraham in the Supreme Court of New York on Monday. This is the company that contracted with De Lesseps to dredge for the Panama Canal. As the canal is a flat failure there is no more work to be done.

A dispatch from Montevidio says the Brazilian turret ship Solimores has been wrecked off Cape Santa Maria, near the mouth of the Rio de la Platte, while en route to Matto Crosso. But five of the crew were saved and 120 drowned. The Solimores is one of the vessels sent by the Brazilian government with reinforcements to suppress the rising in the State Matto to Crosso. Captain Castrot was drowned.

Shortly after one o'clock Thursday Dr. T. W. Atherton, a veterinary surgeon in Portsmouth, N. H., attempted to kill his wife by firing three revolver shots at her. She seized the barrel of the revolver and the bullets went into the woodwork of the room. Her fingers were burned by the powder but only slight injuries were sustained. Her daughter was playing being with and the husband was placed under arrest. An examination of his mental condition shows that he is insane.

Three life boats arrived at Yaquina, Oregon, with 18 men, the captain and crew of the ship Public Parties, on which an explosion occurred March 17. The St. Charles was en route from Nanimo to San Francisco with coal and when the crew abandoned the vessel she was leaking badly. The captain, second mate and two sailors were badly injured by an explosion. Captain Chapman's injuries are probably fatal. The explosion was caused by the sailors taking a light in the forward hatch. The ship was owned in Bath, Maine.

Advices from Mauritius state that a hurricane of unprecedented violence passed over that island April 29, causing enormous damage to shipping. The majority of the vessels at the island were blown ashore. The western half of Port Louis, the capital was devastated. Houses were blown down, gigantic trees uprooted and that part of the town presented a scene of existence. The loss of life is appalling. A large number of persons were caught in the falling houses and crushed to death and others lost their lives by the breach by the dying of the while attempting to seek a place of safety. The exact number of the dead is not known.

Murderer Deeming was hanged at Melbourne, Australia, at 10 A. M., Monday, and thus has passed one of the earthly life one of the most hardened villains of the century. He passed Sunday in writing and calmly discussing at intervals his approaching doom. He said he had no confession of making a speech on the scaffold. He declared he was resigned to his fate and had no fears in regard to the future. He persisted in denying that he was guilty of the Salisbury murder. However, he declared, lost his self control in England as he had since his arrival in Australia. His serve entirely deserted him as he was being led to the scaffold.

General Palmer, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., is earnestly co-operating with the executive committee of the National Columbian public school celebration October 12th, which aims to impress upon 15,000,000 pupils a powerful lesson in patriotism. In a letter, Gen. Palmer, through Adjutant General Phisterer, urges that the half a million veterans under his command assist in celebrating the fourth centennial of America's discovery. The G. A. R. is asked to make common cause with the schools by acting as escort to them in the parade and at the morning hour, when the scholars raise and salute the flag, a detail of the comrades be present to assist.

A serious fire occurred Thursday evening in the brick block in Haverhill, Mass., owned by A. P. Jacques. The building is situated in the heart of the shoe district, and was occupied on the second floor by George Gilbert & Co., cut sole manufacturers, S. R. Bartlett, dealer in straw and leather board; the second floor by D. F. Dudley & Co., manufacturers and dealers in shoe trimmings; the third floor by Appleton & Bassett, manufacturers of fine shoes. Gilbert & Co., also occupy the fourth floor, S. R. Bartlett occupying the basement. Each of these firms does a large business and their stocks were badly damaged by fire and smoke. The fire caught in the basement, ran up the elevator well and spread through the building. It was confined to the interior. The loss on the building is estimated at $3,000. The other losses are: G. W. Gilbert & Co., $10,000; Appleton & Bassett (roughly estimated) $15,000; S. R. Bartlett (do. do.) $4,000. The losses are covered by insurance. About two hundred people are temporarily thrown out of employment by the disaster.

Four masked men attempted to rob an express car at Atlanta on the train No. 14 on the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railroad Fla., Sunday morning. They killed one express messenger and shot the nose off another. They would have killed him too but not the train hands come to his rescue. The outlaws escaped to the woods. When the train was flagged, two men jumped on the engine and two on the express car. Those on the engine, with the aid of two heads of the engineer and fireman, compelled them to go ahead slowly, then stopping the train at the head of a long trestle leading to the bridge across the St. John's river. The engineer and fireman then were marched into the second car from the tender and locked in. In the meantime, while all this had been taking place on the engine, a desperate and bloody affray was being enacted in the express car. When the robbers got on the train, one met Express Messenger Saunders at the door of the car and covered him with a pistol, ordering him to throw up his hands. Saunders made a dash for his pistol in his iron chest near by, but no sooner had he done so than a bullet crashed into his brain and another through his breast. He ran to the other end of the car and fell out on the platform with his head hanging over the steps where he expired. J. M. Cox was in the same car with Saunders and immediately made for the robbers. Cox is a large and powerfully built man. He grasped the robber who fired twice in quick succession, one shot going through the bridge of Cox's nose. He was undaunted, however, and with an extra effort, threw the fellow out of the car and off the platform and then slammed the door. The robbers then suddenly fled, after firing a volley into the car. They were probably scared off by the appearance of the train hands and secured no booty. Armed posses are now in pursuit of the robbers.

E. B. Rankin, Buxton, has a yearling colt from a Morgan mare, a great roader, and with better than a 3 minute gait, that stands 14½ hands. A fine looking colt sired by Alonzo Libby's Goldwood, by Sedwood.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
A Nerve-Food and Tonic.
The Most Effective yet discovered.

ROYAL
IS THE
Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. *(Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)*

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. *(Bulletin 10, p. 16, Inland Rev. Dep.)*

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

Government Chemists Certify:

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.
"EDWARD G. LOVE, PH. D."

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.
"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., PH. D."

"The **Royal Baking Powder** is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.
"WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

Maine Agricultural News.

—Mr. William L. Nash of Montville says that he has six lambs, twins, one year old, from which he has this spring sheared fifty-six and a half pounds of wool. The average weight of the young sheep is 135 pounds, and each has a lamb. He thinks this record cannot be beaten in Waldo county.

—Mr. Lawton, of the Belfast canning establishment, went out among the farmers of Waldo county last week with a view to soliciting the planting of sweet corn. He did not meet with flattering success. Most of the farmers said they had laid out their work for the present season and could not make it convenient to plant corn this year. Mr. Lawton will not put in machinery this year for canning corn unless he can secure the co-operation of the farmers in the enterprise.

—The North Franklin Agricultural Society are to make extensive repairs and improvements on the fair grounds in Phillips, this summer. They are to build a grand stand and stable.

ACCIDENTS. Wednesday, as Hon. Josiah H. Drummond was coming down the stairs leading from the Pythian Hall in Portland, he slipped, badly spraining an ankle. It was a fortunate escape from a more serious accident.—A little two-year-and-a-half old son of Patrick Casidy of Houlton met with a singular and painful accident the other day. His father was splitting kindling wood when the little fellow came up to him and in some manner accidentally placed his hand so that when the axe fell it struck across three fingers, badly wounding two and necessitating the amputation of one.—Jesse Mitchell of Livermore Falls, aged about 70, was on Wednesday thrown from a load of lumber and dragged down a steep hill. His hip was dislocated, an ear torn nearly off, and his face and head badly bruised. He is in a precarious condition.—Fountain Hodgkins, a boy thirteen years of age, fell backward from Roberts' store across wharf, Bar Harbor, Thursday afternoon, a distance of fifteen feet. He struck on a ledge, badly cutting his face and receiving other serious injuries.—Louis Rose, aged eighteen years, employed in the card room of the Lockwood mills, Biddeford, while looking down the elevator well, Friday afternoon, intending for sport to drop something on a fellow workman in a room below, was caught by the elevator and his neck broken.—Mr. Geo. Calvin was driving Miss Minnie Lincoln and Miss Lydia Ryan to school in Presque Isle. When near the residence of T. H. Lincoln a runaway occurred, the frightening the horse which ran and overturned the buggy, throwing the occupants out. Miss Lincoln escaped unhurt. Miss Ryan was more unfortunate, being considerably bruised about the face and side. The driver, who was thrown out on his face, got some severe cuts and a badly bruised shoulder.—Mr. R. H. Smith of Gorham, Maine, has broken in seventy-six colts and injured his head severely. He will probably be confined to the house for several days.—Mr. Winfield S. Moore, second brakeman on Conductor George L. Barney's train, No. 1 Skowhegan local, Friday P. M., had his right arm below the elbow badly crushed at Shawmut, Friday noon. Mr. Moore was coupling cars on which was a lock coupling, supposed to be used with a link coupling, and in the act of getting the link in place the dying car struck him. Being in a hurry he stepped between the cars and grabbed hold of the coupling with his hand, which resulted badly for him.—A. P. Dunham, a farmer living in the town of Rockport had his right hand badly cut Friday afternoon by coming in contact with a band saw. He will lose the middle finger, but chances are favorable to saving the fore finger.—Rogers & Weston of Rockport, who has been working at the spool mill at Willimantic, on Wednesday of last week fearfully mangled the thumb and forefinger on his left hand on a matcher.—Edward, son of Warren Hill of Machias, had both bones of his leg broken just above the ankle Tuesday while handling lumber, a stick falling on him. The break is a bad one and will confine him for some time.—On Friday Walter H. Beverly, at work in the Ames mill in Machias, had one of his feet badly malmed by coming in contact with the cutting off saw.—Rev. Alpha Miller of Pleasantdale, Cape Elizabeth, fell from his wagon a few days ago. Although no bones were broken, he was violently shaken up, and as he is an aged man he will be confined to the house for some time.—Mr. Thomas Springer's son of Lamoine, accidentally fell off a load of furniture, Monday, and was instantly killed.—Michael McGrath, a 10-year-old stepson, was thrown from a moving team in the Maine Central yard, Bangor, Tuesday morning, and a passing locomotive ran over and killed him, mangling him almost beyond recognition. The verdict of the coroner's jury was accidental death, and the railroad is held to be blameless.—Sunday, John Moses and Charles Holmes, sailing from Indian Island to Deer Island, capsized off Cherry Island. Both were drowned. They leave families.

AMONG THE COLTS. By a flying visit to some of the colt raisers of Buxton and vicinity, we find that Frank Smith, owned by E. S. Moulton of Salmon Falls, shows the best of keeping and care. He has evidently been fed and groomed in a way which shows Mr. Moulton a successful raiser and handler. Frank Smith is very stylish, good looking wood when the little fellow came up to him and in some manner accidentally placed his hand so that when the axe fell it struck across three fingers, badly wounding two and necessitating the amputation of one.—Jesse Mitchell of Livermore Falls, aged about 70, was on Wednesday thrown from a load of lumber and dragged down a steep hill. His hip was dislocated, an ear torn nearly off, and his face and head badly bruised. He is in a precarious condition.—Fountain Hodgkins, a boy thirteen years of age, fell backward from Roberts' store across wharf, Bar Harbor, Thursday afternoon, a distance of fifteen feet. He struck on a ledge, badly cutting his face and receiving other serious injuries.—Louis Rose, aged eighteen years, employed in the card room of the Lockwood mills, Biddeford, while looking down the elevator well, Friday afternoon, intending for sport to drop something on a fellow workman in a room below, was caught by the elevator and his neck broken.—Mr. Geo. Calvin was driving Miss Minnie Lincoln and Miss Lydia Ryan to school in Presque Isle. When near the residence of T. H. Lincoln a runaway occurred, the frightening the horse which ran and overturned the buggy, throwing the occupants out. Miss Lincoln escaped unhurt. Miss Ryan was more unfortunate, being considerably bruised about the face and side. The driver, who was thrown out on his face, got some severe cuts and a badly bruised shoulder.—Mr. R. H. Smith of Gorham, Maine, has broken in seventy-six colts and injured his head severely. He will probably be confined to the house for several days.—Mr. Winfield S. Moore, second brakeman on Conductor George L. Barney's train, No. 1 Skowhegan local, Friday P. M., had his right arm below the elbow badly crushed at Shawmut, Friday noon. Mr. Moore was coupling cars on which was a lock coupling, supposed to be used with a link coupling, and in the act of getting the link in place the dying car struck him. Being in a hurry he stepped between the cars and grabbed hold of the coupling with his hand, which resulted badly for him.—A. P. Dunham, a farmer living in the town of Rockport had his right hand badly cut Friday afternoon by coming in contact with a band saw. He will lose the middle finger, but chances are favorable to saving the fore finger.—Rogers & Weston of Rockport, who has been working at the spool mill at Willimantic, on Wednesday of last week fearfully mangled the thumb and forefinger on his left hand on a matcher.—Edward, son of Warren Hill of Machias, had both bones of his leg broken just above the ankle Tuesday while handling lumber, a stick falling on him. The break is a bad one and will confine him for some time.—On Friday Walter H. Beverly, at work in the Ames mill in Machias, had one of his feet badly malmed by coming in contact with the cutting off saw.—Rev. Alpha Miller of Pleasantdale, Cape Elizabeth, fell from his wagon a few days ago. Although no bones were broken, he was violently shaken up, and as he is an aged man he will be confined to the house for some time.—Mr. Thomas Springer's son of Lamoine, accidentally fell off a load of furniture, Monday, and was instantly killed.—Michael McGrath, a 10-year-old stepson, was thrown from a moving team in the Maine Central yard, Bangor, Tuesday morning, and a passing locomotive ran over and killed him, mangling him almost beyond recognition. The verdict of the coroner's jury was accidental death, and the railroad is held to be blameless.—Sunday, John Moses and Charles Holmes, sailing from Indian Island to Deer Island, capsized off Cherry Island. Both were drowned. They leave families.

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Items and Incidents.

There has been an immense increase in the number of sheep in Australia in the last two or three years. The estimated number is 60,000,000 as against 31,000,000 in 1884.

The Wonderful Success
Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier entitles it to your confidence. No other preparation has such a record of cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, or other blood diseases. To try it is to know its merit. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

There are more bee hives in the United States, where there are 2,700,000, than in any other country. Greece, famous for its love of honey, has only 30,000 hives.

In all cases, where a mild but effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action, promote digestion, and regulate every function. No pill is in greater demand, or more highly recommended by the profession.

The national library at Washington contains 700,000 bound volumes and 300,000 pamplets. The annual increase is from 15,000 to 20,000 volumes.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

There are 300 voices in the choir of the Morman Temple in Salt Lake City.

To restore gray hair to its natural color in a youthful, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

Patsy Sears of Howard county, Ind., aged 108 years, has been a church member a hundred years.

Why throw away so much hard-earned money on worthless medicines, when for 35 cents a remedy can be procured that will cure coughs, colds, sore lungs, and croup? Give it a trial. Adamson's Balsam will do it. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Elections in France are always held on Sundays to suit the convenience of workingmen and peasants.

ONLY ONE SARSAPARILLA sold on the "No Benefit, No Pay" plan —only one could stand **the test, viz:**
DANA'S.

A subscription of $32 37 from each inhabitant of the United States would wipe out every National, State and municipal debt in the country.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Presbyterian pastor at Greenville, Ill., has a pulpit made of olive wood from the Mount of Olives.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. J. E. Gosline of Houlton has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at Presque Isle. Mr. Gosline, in his three years of service, has added seventy members to the church.—Rev. Fred A. Snow of Rockport has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of a Baptist church in Park Rapids, Minn., and will enter upon his labors there in June.—Rev. G. J. Ferrin of the Universalist church in Portland, is obliged to take a vacation because of a throat ailment.—Rev. J. M. N. Pratt of the Central church, Monmouth, has resigned, the resignation to take effect Aug. 1st.—Rev. A. G. Pettingill has accepted the unanimous call of the Congregational church in Monroe to become their pastor, also he is to supply the church in Abbott.—Rev. James W. Colins of Washington, D. C., will conduct services at the Catholic church in Ellsworth during the summer season, while Rev. T. F. Butler is at Bar Harbor.—The State Unitarian Conference will be held at Yarmouth with the Central church, on the 14th, 15th and 16th of June. On the evening of the 14th Rev. Dr. Blanchard of Portland will preach, and on the 15th a platform meeting will be held, at which Rev. J. L. Seward of Waterville, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. Mr. Reynolds and Rev. Dr. Moores of Boston will speak.—Rev. Mr. Porter, pastor of the Unitarian church of Presque Isle, is about moving with his family to Bolton, Mass., for a temporary stay, and next Sunday's service will be Mr. Porter's last in Presque Isle, for the present at least.—Rev. Samuel W. Chapin of the Congregational church at Sandy Point, has accepted a call to West Woolwich.—Two persons were baptized at the Baptist church, Kennebunkport, May 15th.—Rev. J. M. Pratt of the Central church, Portland, has resigned his pastorate, to take effect Aug. 1st.—The sixty-sixth annual session of the General Conference of the Congregational churches in Maine, will be held at Machias June 14-16. An interesting conference is expected. A special steamer has been chartered to take the guests from Bar Harbor.—Rev. A. C. Herrick has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, in Sacramento, Cal., and has asked the committee's permission to withdraw his acceptance of his call to the Baptist church in Freeport, which he had accepted.

A VIGOROUS OLD LADY. Surry has a smart old lady in the person of Mrs. Mary Haggerty of that town. She is now 73 years of age, and is a widow, her husband having been dead almost 9 years. She owns and operates a fine large farm, which is one of the best there, and herself does as much work as a young person would do. Besides her home work, which she attends to alone, she milks seven cows, makes butter and feeds twenty-three head of cattle and three horses, and with this and other work keeps busy the most of the time. She hires men to do the spring and harvest jobs about her farm, and personally supervises all the work. She is strong and active and is certainly a remarkable example of vitality retained in old age. Her thrifty habits have laid up their reward, and she is the possessor of considerable property.

She has lived on the farm ever since she was quite young, and, although her sons wish her to leave it, will probably remain there. She never has been more than twenty miles from home. Mrs. Haggerty has four sons and all of them seem to have inherited their mother's traits to a considerable extent, as all are successful men. One is a lawyer in the West, another a doctor in Sedgwick, still another a doctor in Ellsworth, and the fourth a well known and wealthy citizen of the last named place.

FIRES IN MAINE. Fire, Friday night, in J. F. Gay's house in Waldoboro, was extinguished before much headway was made. The damage by smoke and water was $500 or more.—The buildings of Samuel Reny, near the Webster town line, were burned Thursday night. Dr. Sleeper, who had been out to attend a patient, saw the fire, and had the household aroused, or the whole family would have lost their lives. Mr. Reny had $600 insurance on the house and $400 on the furniture.—Fire in a barn on Pleasant street, Saco, at 9 o'clock, Friday morning, did great damage. The barn was connected with the house occupied by Theodore I. Hamblin, and but for prompt work by the firemen the fire would have been a lively one. It was caused by hot ashes left in the barn by Mrs. Hamblin, who left them to attend a crying baby, and then forgot about them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Has done for her is worthy the highest confidence." **Hood's Pills** cure Liver Ills.

Special Announcement.
STEAMER KENNEBEC
JASON COLLINS, Commander,
will leave Gardiner at 4, Richmond 5, and Bath at 7 P. M.,
FOR BOSTON,
On Sunday, May 29th,
INSTEAD OF SATURDAY, MAY 28, as usual.
SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS
will be good on this trip, returning following Monday.
Parties desiring to have their friends visit them at this time should avail themselves of the LOW RATE EXCURSION FROM BOSTON, Friday evening, returning Monday night.
JAS. B. DRAKE, President, Bath.
ALLEN PARTRIDGE, Agent, Augusta.

CHARLES MARVIN'S
STOCK FOOD!
ELECTIONEER BRAND,
HORSE & CATTLE FOOD.
THE BEST FOOD ever fed to HORSES or CATTLE. Used by CHARLES MARVIN for Twenty Years; now offered to the public. Factory, Freeport, Me. Office for the Trade, 31 Fraklin St., Boston.
THOMAS H. SHEPHARD, Agent.

A STRONG MAN or woman, in good health, is kept pretty busy trying to find out of disease, while sick ones are constantly seeking a remedy for their sufferings. We don't want you to infer that our Remedy is a "cure all," but it is wonderfully near to be Blood Purifier, acting directly on the digestive organs, invigorating the liver and bowels, thereby bringing about a healthy system. Trade mark "L. F." Beware of imitations. Take only "L. F."
BRANDRETH, April 5, 1891.
DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that I have used your Brandreth Pills for years, and always consider them one of the best medicines that I have ever found, and I have tried many kinds. When I commenced taking them I could not walk or labor but little I was so weak. But after using one bottle of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, I was a new person and could do my usual amount of labor; for which I feel very grateful. Yours truly, MRS. ELIZA ALDRICH.
If your dealer does not keep them send 35 cents to us, and receive a bottle, express paid.
H. H. HAY & SON, PORTLAND, ME.

Worcester Salt
A Test:
Fill two, clear glass tumblers half full of water. In one put two tablespoonfuls of Worcester, and in the other the same quantity of any table salt in the other. Stir them well and let them stand a few minutes. Result: You will always use Worcester.
Nash, Whiton & Co., New York.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR
is the best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Liver Troubles, etc.
EXPELS ALL WORMS.
Of all druggists. 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Dr. J. F. TRUE & Co., Auburn, Me.

RHEUMATISM AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT
Cured by
DR. DAN'S VEGETABLE REMEDY
All Grocers sell and warrant it.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

When Memorial Day is Unobserved.

When all unheeded comes the day,
On which we now are wont to strew
The fairest blossoms of the May
O'er graves of those who wore the blue;

When the nation does not kneel,
With tear-stained eye and heaving breast,
O'er graves of those whom war's wild peal
Called unto the endless rest;

When sweet flowers no more are scattered
O'er the graves where soldiers lie;
When these banners stained and tattered,
Cause no dimness in the eye;

When those little flags no more
Guard above each hero's sleep;
When angels cease to hover o'er
The precious, sacred dust, and weep;

Then, and not until that day,
Will the firm foundations rock,
Of this land where blue and gray
Met in battle's awful shock;

Then, may God above us save
A land that is to day so true,
And snatch it from the darkest grave
That ever mighty nation knew.

But while in our hearts we cherish
This day which means so much to all,
Never can our freedom perish,
Or our well-won glory fall.

J. CLAIR MINOT.

Augusta.

Uncle Ezra's Story.

Somehow these memorial meetin's
Recall the first days of the war,
When men were enlistin' for soldiers,
Not knowin' just what it was for.
My son Job and I were out plowin';
A horseman came hurryin' by
A shoutin', "They've fired upon Sumpter!
The war cloud is dark in the sky!"

"Americans fightin' each other?"
Said I to the man on the nag—
"A blazin' away at the eagle,
A tryin' to tear down the flag?"
I started for town the next minute
Leavin' Job to manage the plow;
By some means he got there before me;
I never exactly knew how!

The people were wild with excitement,
I reckoned the town had gone daft;
Mechanics and merchants had gathered
And some with the tools of their craft.
A flag was spread out on the table
Which held the mute paper and pen,
And speakers were tellin' the people
Why Lincoln was callin' men.

Then hushin' that motley assemblage,
They called for the first volunteer!
When Sign Painter Williams stepped forward
That silence burst into a cheer!
And talin' the finest of brushes,
Up there at the head of the list
He marked down his name like an artist,
With never a shake of the wrist!

When next came the pride of the village,
The son of the poor Widow Mills,
You heard but the sobbin' o' women
And the scratchin' o' one of the quills,
This deed of heroic devotion
We couldn't profane with our cheers—
Our voices were choked with emotion
That softly distilled into tears.

In writin' his name he'd forgotten
The dot that goes over the "i"—
Now, John had been laylin' down carpets,
Supportin' his mother thereby,
The man at the table recalled him,
As down John, quickly turnin' about,
A carpet tack took from his pocket,
And stuck where the dot was left out.

And drivin' it into the table,
Right down through the paper and all,
He spoke with a voice full o' feelin'—
The silence of death in the hall—
"I mean that my name shall remain there
Until the rebellion is done,
Provided you'll care for my mother,
Whose only support is her son!

"If the God of all battles decrees it
Your soldier shall never come back,
Just say that he died for his country
And dotted the "i" with a tack!"
Then came such a rush for that table
As never can happen again;
The names had quite covered the paper
Fore I could get hold of the pen.

I saw by a glance up the column
My Job's name was down number three,
And somehow the tears kept a comin'
And bothered so I couldn't see!
And, talkin' the pen from my fingers,
Job tightened his grip on my arm:
"Say, father, I'll 'tend to the nation
"While you stay and 'tend to the farm!"

I wan't in the right mood for talkin',
I'd thinkin' to do of my own;
And 'fore I was rightly adjusted,
Was walkin' home 'cross lots alone!
My heart and my brain were disputin'—
Was neither the aspect, the voice,
Does a father think more of his country,
Or does he think more of his son?

When Job had come home in the sevent'
Dressed up in his blue soldier suit,
His mother at first didn't know him,
And kept on a-parin' the fruit.
Ere Job told her half of his story,
She fell on his blue-coated breast;
Her face turned white as her apron,
Gave proof she mistrusted the rest.

On the neck of her boy she was sobbin'
Before I could get out of doors—
For somethin' I caught a mere glimpse of
I hadn't quite finished the chores.
When Job came along I suggested
He bring out his old military coat,
He repied: "I belong to the nation,
I'm now under Government rule!

"A soldier," he said, "was intended
To stand up Uncle Sam's flag,
And nothin' could be 'more debasin'
Than a corporal milkin' the cows—
There'd soon be a row in the barnyard—
A cow kickin' over the pail,
A soldier resentin' an insult,
A slap from a brindle cow's tail!"

"Well, Job, I don't think I need worry,
You'll live through the present campaign;
Rebel hosts will never disturb you—
'Tis always the good boy that's slain!"
Now, "Job" was a sort of a nickname,
Inherited when but a lad,
Not so much on account of his patience,
Perhaps, as the hoils which he had.

My Job was cut out for a soldier—
Farm labor he always would shirk;
He'd plenty of courage for fightin',
But never much courage for work.
His schoolin' was never quite finished,
For reasons durned easy to guess;
The teacher once sot in to thrash him,
Which didn't turn out a success.

The day when our loved ones departed
Brave mothers were sittin' their tears;
Some handkerchiefs wavin'—"God speed you!"
But most of 'em wipin' up tears.
They went to the forefront of battle;
They went there "determined to stay!"
Ah, some spoke more truth than they listed,
And haven't come back to this day.

We nervously scanned every paper,
The list of the wounded we read,
Hardly darin' to glance down the column
That told us the names of the dead.
Those months seemed like years to the anxious,
While nearly the war ended so;
Not thinkin' their prayers to be answered
Must sacrifice somebody's son!

Then lois of 'em came back disabled,
And some in the prime of their youth,
With not enough left for a soldier,
And hardly enough to draw pay.
They told us our Job was promoted,
We didn't much care what it meant;
So long as our boy was still livin'
The good wife and I were content.

The train with torn battle flags wavin'
Returned the old regiment home,
As ships bring to port from a rescue
Survivors picked out of the foam.
Somehow the rejoicin' got smothered
At hearin' the heartbroken weep—
The boys left so many behind 'em
Down under the dasies asleep!

Wife stood at the end of the depot
Embracin' an officer tall—
I wouldn't have been over hurried
At sech' her huggin' 'em all.
I was searchin' those dusty blue blouses,
And scannin' each battered old hat,
Beginnin' to feel rather shaky
For fear they'd forgotten my Job.

"Hello! Uncle Ezra!" said Johnny,
"You'll find the colonel up there!"
"Drat the colonel!" said I, gettin' worried,
"I'm lookin' for my son and heir!"
"Job's the colonel!" said Johnny. That flopped me.
I sat on the steps and let go,—
To think of his bein' a colonel
Without even lettin' us know!

Our Story Teller.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Story for Memorial Day.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"You are not doing it just for my sake, Hugh?" said the sweet incisive voice.

"God forbid! There is no question of that, Marion.

'I could but love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'

I am one of 'Marion's men,' as the boys call me now, by birth and breeding, for my great-grandfather was sworn aide and ally of the Swamp Fox. Hugh Heriot, of that day, was his leader's right hand all through their long hiding and skirmishing that so harassed the British from swamp and morass. Many a tale has my grandfather told me by the fire-side of Hugh Heriot of those old days till my heart and head were full of patriotism. I was fed on love for my country from my first remembrance; do you think it will fail me now?"

Marion Lancaster's dark eyes flashed back the look of her lover's. "No! but then—Will it seem patriotism to them, Hugh—to your people at home?"

"I don't know. I have a horrid doubt sometimes. But it is my country; I have no other—my own grand, magnificent country—east, west, north and south.' I fight for its unity, against its separation, for no latitude or longitude. If any own people had lived so long in Georgia that their good Scotch blood runs thin with the languor of luxury, I have been here long enough to get back the iron into mine that lay only in abeyance. I must go, Marion; and I must go on the side of right. You could not keep me, dear, and I know you would not."

A spasm of anguish quivered over her beautiful face, but her voice was true and clear. "I dare not keep you, Hugh. Women have a sense of honor, too—a love of country."

"Stand of them," said Hugh bitterly. He was thinking of his classmate and chum, whose weak, lovely little fiancée was doing her utmost to keep him out of the army, day after day. Hugh looked at Marion with love and pride in his eyes. "You are the right sort," he said, as he drew her more closely against his shoulder. "I wish I knew how things were with Sandy," he went on. "Mother has no one else on the plantation but Cornelia; my cousins, I know, have joined the army of the south. Georgians born and bred, though Aunt Carr was a Connecticut woman, like mother, they are typical northerners, and they have neither my Scotch blood nor my education. I know well which way is theirs. I can't blame them, though I heartily disagree with them."

Marion looked up at her lover with something higher than emotion in her eyes; his justice and candor amazed her. In the soothing lassitude of the time she never before heard one just word uttered for those whose honest convictions arrayed them on the other side.

"It is well now for your mother that Sandy did not share your strength," she said, thinking with a woman's instinct how lonely Mrs. Heriot would be without either son.

Hugh laughed. "Perhaps it is just as well for you, Marion. Had we both been strong and well, we should both have come north—mother is a fanatic about New England education—and then we should both have fallen in love with you, sweetheart. What a dilemma for you!"

"How do you know?" said Marion, half smiling.

"Oh, Sandy and I are twins all through except for his delicate organization. He and I liked the same things, dreamed the same dreams, read the same books, are so much alike, even mother was as times puzzled to tell us apart. Old Dr. Severance used to say that we were, after all, only one boy, without physique enough for two bodies we 'materialis'd' into. I always felt ashamed, in a dull sort of way, to be so robust when Sandy could not keep up with me; but he is far the sweeter-natured of the two. You would have loved him the better, Marion."

"Never!" was the swift, indignant answer.

So Hugh Heriot enlisted with a northern regiment, parted with his sweetheart bravely, and left her to wait as hundreds like her were left in those dreadful days.

Did we know then, shall we ever know—we who came out scathless—what those women suffered who, tied hand and foot, maddened by the poor recurrent routine of daily life, filled with vague imaginative terrors, had yet to live and do their petty duties under the edge of a sword worse than the fabled blade of Damocles?

Honor forever that noble army of martyrs! To them no less than to those who lost their lives on the actural battlefield should monuments arise and wreaths be offered. They were the beating heart that sent strong life blood into the battling hand, and, oh! how often perished with it! not in the pallor and decay of physical death, not in the rest and end of the flowered grass grave, but in the broken heart, the joyless life, the desperation of memory, the "dying, yet behold we live," that death in life that is the greatest if not the last enemy!

If there were women who suffered more than Marion Lancaster in this dire suspense she did not know it; it seemed to her no heart could be more torn with anxiety, more tortured by the silence that yet thrilled with dreadful possibilities, than hers. She did not consider that her love for Hugh Heriot was a young passion scarcely rooted in her breast; that she was bound to him by none of the strong ties of those who had sent their husbands out to war, and crouched on desolate hearthstones with clinging children about them, who might the next hour be wailing orphans; she thought she suffered all she could, and as week after week grew into month after month, and the second year came lingering on, she grew thin, pale and listless.

For Hugh Heriot had yet had no furlough; the few times Marion had heard from him he had spoken of his intention to apply for one at the year's end, but he had enlisted for the war, and felt that while his strength lasted he must fight; he was more needed on the field than even Marion needed him.

Yet, after that first year began, there were no more letters, and after the battle of Lookout Mountain the lists of killed and wounded came in so slowly that it was a long week before the "very last" showed among the list of "Missing," "Hugh Heriot, Major C, Tenth Infantry."

"Missing!" Can words expound what that one word meant in those days? Not the sharp blow of "Wounded," which implies possible life, and the hope of immediate repair to the sufferer, and all the gentle ministries to relieve one and console the other, blessed in giving or taking. Not the stun and desolation of "Dead," that left no course to fear, nor tantalized with the *ignis fatuus* of hope; but that one fatal word that tortured but did not slay; that bound the victim to the stake and piled the fagots, but delayed to light the fire till the waiting grew to be madness.

Marion was a warm-hearted, imaginative girl, and "Missing" meant to her a long chapter of surmised agonies. In her waking hours she figured so many and such dreadful possibilities that her sleep renewed and exaggerated, she painted such suffering for her lost lover, such terrific and harassing situations, that it would have been a positive relief to know of his death; yet she would not admit it to herself. She lost all that held her to life, when, just as the war ceased, her widowed mother died suddenly and without one farewell word. It would have been cruel, but Marion had necessity forced her to exertion but she had enough money to live on comfortably, and so she shut herself in her tiny house with her old servant, and made herself a solitary nucleus. Her beautiful and abundant brown hair grew white as snow, and her eyes lost their sparkle; but her health gradually asserted itself anew, her constitution was strong, and she almost lived out of doors, either in her garden, which was her sole amusement and pleasure, or walking over the breezy hills of the country about. She had never been half so beautiful as Hugh Heroit knew her, as she was, eight years after, when, one exquisite morning in May, she stood by her door clipping boughs of hawthorn from her one cherished tree, and, placing them beside the apple blossoms she had already gathered in a large basket. There, too, were sheaves of pale narcissus, trails of heaven blue myrtle, bunches of the later snowdrops and gorgeous tulips; for it was Memorial day, and never since its first observance had Marion failed to carry whatever blossoms she could find to the cemetery, and add her share to the honors of the few dead soldiers who slept in that small and shaded place of rest.

It smote her every year to think of that unhonored place where her lover's body rested, for long ago she had given up hope for his life. Who covered his grave with flowers or foliage? Who prayed over his last sleep? The thought stung her again and she took from the dcorstep a smaller basket of wild flowers, with which she always dressed the low mound above her mother, and taking the larger one on her arm, went over to the school house, where the young village girls were making wreaths and bouquets. From there she went to her mother's grave, and began to adorn it with all the blossoms of wood and field her mother had loved so much in her life; she heard the distant music of the band begin to send its wailing requiem from the church steps, where the procession was just entering; she heard the slow toll of the bell that always rung a knell in Alton on Memorial Day; she knelt by the headstone of her mother's resting place, and leaning her head against it sobbed bitterly and spoke aloud in her re-awakened sorrow, knowing there was no ear to hear: "Oh, Hugh! my Hugh! if I could but know where you are lying! If I could only see your grave it would be a help! But you have gone out into darkness, and the place of your sepulchre no man knows unto this day. Why, why cannot I go, too?"

"Marion," said a voice. She lifted her quivering lids. Hugh stood before her. With a low cry she fell across her mother's grave and lay at his feet.

She knew no more till she came back to life on her own sofa, with Hugh kneeling beside her, and the village doctor dropping some pungent fluid slowly into her lips. She looked at her dead-alive lover with anxious, asking eyes.

"I am not Hugh; I am Sandy," he said, sadly but distinctly. Yet he was Hugh to her eyes and her heart; every line and expered to line in the strong, fine face, except that it was older, darker, more worn, as it well might be after the stress of war; the smile was sadder and sweeter than ever Hugh's had been, but it was Hugh's voice in tone and accent.

There was a long story to tell when Marion could listen; but through it she felt a strange, and ghastly sense that she was listening to a tale from another world, was following a sound in the dark.

Alexander Heriot was indeed the true image of his brother; he had been tall and pale and delicate in his youth; but when the war broke out and he openly avowed his opposition to the course of the south, he was obliged for his mother's and his life's sake to take refuge in the mountains till he could find a way to join the army of the north, as he knew Hugh had done. The out-door life and enforced exercise restored him to perfect health, in six months he had found the Union army, had not Hugh's and as she was, eight years after, when, one exquisite morning in May, she stood by her door clipping boughs of hawthorn from her one cherished tree, and, placing them beside the apple blossoms she had already gathered in a large basket. There, too, were sheaves of pale narcissus, trails of heaven blue myrtle, bunches of the later snowdrops and gorgeous tulips; for it was Memorial day, and never since its first observance had Marion failed to carry whatever blossoms she could find to the cemetery, and add her share to the honors of the few dead soldiers who slept in that small and shaded place of rest.

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There, too, he found the report of Hugh as "missing;" and having no home—for his sister had gone to her husband's friends in Savannah—and no means to make the plantation remunerative, he sold it for a small sum, and, dividing the proceeds with Cornelia, devoted himself to tracing Hugh. At last, by one of those accidents we ought to call "providents," he discovered his brother's knapsack in the hut of a poor man not far from the battle field, and by dint of rewards offered learned that the man from whom that knapsack was taken had crept away mortally wounded to the shelter of a few bushes during the fight, and had been found there by the "cracker," who took possession of his arms and his accouterments.

"But he made a grave for our poor Hugh, Marion," Alexander said with a wavering voice—"a grave whose decorations never fail. The fellow showed me where he buried him, between two pine trees. On one of them climbs a Cherokee rose that drops its thick white petals on the sod, and wild blossoms have trailed all over the mound, till it is fair as your mother's grave today. I could but think when I saw it that the God of the brave and the loyal had not forgotten Hugh's lonely pillow in the wilderness."

After leaving his brother's place of rest, Alexander had opened his knapsack and found in it Marion's letters and picture. As Hugh had said, the twin brothers were alike in every fibre, and Alexander's heart opened at once to enshrine the lovely woman Hugh had adored and left for his country.

But what had he to offer to her? Before he dared endeavor to fill his brother's place he must have a home to which he could ask Marion, he could not honorably ask her to share his poverty, for it was utter.

Before long, however, he found a place in some of the new enterprises of the south; worked there as manfully as he had fought, and just as soon as his position was assured, and he could ask for an absence from work, he came to the north, and arriving at Alton on Memorial day, was directed where to find Marion at her mother's grave.

Her whole heart went out to him as soon as he spoke; for he was Hugh, and no other—the aspect, the voice, the manner, even the very thoughts he shared with her, were all Hugh's and the man's nobility forbade him to feel one jealous pang when, without even knowing it, over and over she gave him his brother's name.

Nor did she delay her marriage, as he feared might be her wish.

"We have been engaged so long," she answered him when he asked her, "that I do not feel it is haste. Dear Sandy, Hugh told me I should love you, if I knew you, better than I loved him. Perhaps I shall; yet always I shall think that Memorial day was also resurrection day to me."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Mrs. Billus—John, the doctor says I need a change of climate. Mr. Billus (absorbed in his newspaper)—That's all right Maria. It's going to be 20 degrees colder tomorrow.

Robert (who was at the office late last night)—My dear, have you seen anything of my boots? She (sweetly)—Yes, love; they are down here on the hat-rack.

"So the young heiress has promised to marry you?" "Yes, in three years." "Isn't that a good while to wait?" "It may be; but she's worth her wait in gold."

"The editor died last night."

"Great sakes!" cried the old delinquent, "if I'd known he'd have took it so hard, I wouldn't have stopped my paper!"

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her, and remarked feelingly to his companion: "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." "Your mother?" was the query. "No, my landlady."

He—Will you be mine?
She—Ask papa!
He—Confound it! I don't want to marry your papa! What have you got to say?

Jake Jompson (who hadn't made up his mind to go)—Was that a fire bell I heard?
Cora Bellows (gaping)—Breakfast bell, I reckon.

"Tharks, old man!" he gushed as he pocketed the money. "Nothing can ever repay you for the favor!"

"Oh, yes it can!" was the reply. "You can repay me, but I doubt if you will!"

"For years," observed the verbose caller to the busy editor, "I have been endeavoring to discover the lost tribes of Israel." "Has it ever occurred to you to advertise for them?" asked the editor with deep concern.

Elderly relative (to school girl)—Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now—haven't you been burning the midnight oil? Miss Amanda (her paleness all gone)—Why, yes, aunt, but not much. We turned the lamp down very low.

"What! You are thinking of moving to a little village of 150 people—where everybody in town knows all about your business?"

"Well, after the entire 150 have learned all about me, that is the end of it. In the city there is no telling where that sort of thing will end."

Whenever the devil can get a Christian to believe that he is the only nice man in the neighborhood, he is well satisfied with his day's work.

Watts—Now, everything averages up in this world, you may notice.

Potts—Not always. Girl babies begin to talk at an earlier age than boys.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that picture? Great Artist—I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mr. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and he's sleep renewed and exaggerated, she painted such suffering for her lost lover, such terrific and harassing situations, that it would have been a positive relief to know of his death; yet she would not admit it to herself. she lost all that held her to life, when, just as the war ceased, her widowed mother died suddenly and without one farewell word. It would have been cruel, but Marion had necessity forced her to exertion but she had enough money to live on comfotably, and so she shut herself in her tiny house with her old servant, and made herself a solitary nucleus. Her beautiful and abundant brown hair grew white as snow, and her eyes lost their sparkle; but her heaith gradually asserted itself anew, her constitution was strong, and she almost lived out of doors, either in her garden, which was her sole amusement and pleasure, or walking over the breezy hills of the country about. She had never been half so beautiful as Hugh Heroit knew her, as she was, eight years after, when, one exquisite morning in May, she stood by her door clipping boughs of hawthorn from her one cherished tree, and, placing them beside the apple blossoms she had already gathered in a large basket. There, too, were sheaves of pale narcissus, trails of heaven blue myrtle, bunches of the later snowdrops and gorgeous tulips; for it was Memorial day, and never since its first observance had Marion failed to carry whatever blossoms she could find to the cemetery, and add her share to the honors of the few dead soldiers who slept in that small and shaded place of rest.

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There was a long story to tell when Marion could listen; but through it she felt a strange, and ghastly sense that she was listening to a tale from another world, was following a sound in the dark.

Alexander Heriot was indeed the true image of his brother; he had been tall and pale and delicate in his youth; but when the war broke out and he openly avowed his opposition to the course of the south, he was obliged for his mother's and his life's sake to take refuge in the mountains till he could find a way to join the army of the north, as he knew Hugh had done. The out-door life and enforced exercise restored him to perfect health, in six months he had found the Union army, had not Hugh's and finding the ranks had fought well and bravely till peace came; then he went back to his native place only to find his mother dead, and his sister, the bride of a day, widowed and alone, but bitter against him with that intense bitterness that only exists between those who are kindred and have been dear to each other.

There, too, he found the report of Hugh as "missing;" and having no home—for his sister had gone to her husband's friends in Savannah—and no means to make the plantation remunerative, he sold it for a small sum, and, dividing the proceeds with Cornelia, devoted himself to tracing Hugh. At last, by one of those accidents we ought to call "providents," he discovered his brother's knapsack in the hut of a poor man not far from the battle field, and by dint of rewards offered learned that the man from whom that knapsack was taken had crept away mortally wounded to the shelter of a few bushes during the fight, and had been found there by the "cracker," who took possession of his arms and his accouterments.

"But he made a grave for our poor Hugh, Marion," Alexander said with a wavering voice—"a grave whose decorations never fail. The fellow showed me where he buried him, between two pine trees. On one of them climbs a Cherokee rose that drops its thick white petals on the sod, and wild blossoms have trailed all over the mound, till it is fair as your mother's grave today. I could but think when I saw it that the God of the brave and the loyal had not forgotten Hugh's lonely pillow in the wilderness."

After leaving his brother's place of rest, Alexander had opened his knapsack and found in it Marion's letters and picture. As Hugh had said, the twin brothers were alike in every fibre, and Alexander's heart opened at once to enshrine the lovely woman Hugh had adored and left for his country.

But what had he to offer to her? Before he dared endeavor to fill his brother's place he must have a home to which he could ask Marion, he could not honorably ask her to share his poverty, for it was utter.

Before long, however, he found a place in some of the new enterprises of the south; worked there as manfully as he had fought, and just as soon as his position was assured, and he could ask for an absence from work, he came to the north, and arriving at Alton on Memorial day, was directed where to find Marion at her mother's grave.

Her whole heart went out to him as soon as he spoke; for he was Hugh, and no other—the aspect, the voice, the manner, even the very thoughts he shared with her, were all Hugh's and the man's nobility forbade him to feel one jealous pang when, without even knowing it, over and over she gave him his brother's name.

Nor did she delay her marriage, as he feared might be her wish.

"We have been engaged so long," she answered him when he asked her, "that I do not feel it is haste. Dear Sandy, Hugh told me I should love you, if I knew you, better than I loved him. Perhaps I shall; yet always I shall think that Memorial day was also resurrection day to me."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Mrs. Billus—John, the doctor says I need a change of climate. Mr. Billus (absorbed in his newspaper)—That's all right Maria. It's going to be 20 degrees colder tomorrow.

Robert (who was at the office late last night)—My dear, have you seen anything of my boots? She (sweetly)—Yes, love; they are down here on the hat-rack.

"So the young heiress has promised to marry you?" "Yes, in three years." "Isn't that a good while to wait?" "It may be; but she's worth her wait in gold."

"The editor died last night."

"Great sakes!" cried the old delinquent, "if I'd known he'd have took it so hard, I wouldn't have stopped my paper!"

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Jones touched his hat to her, and remarked feelingly to his companion: "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." "Your mother?" was the query. "No, my landlady."

He—Will you be mine?
She—Ask papa!
He—Confound it! I don't want to marry your papa! What have you got to say?

Jake Jompson (who hadn't made up his mind to go)—Was that a fire bell I heard?
Cora Bellows (gaping)—Breakfast bell, I reckon.

"Tharks, old man!" he gushed as he pocketed the money. "Nothing can ever repay you for the favor!"

"Oh, yes it can!" was the reply. "You can repay me, but I doubt if you will!"

"For years," observed the verbose caller to the busy editor, "I have been endeavoring to discover the lost tribes of Israel." "Has it ever occurred to you to advertise for them?" asked the editor with deep concern.

Elderly relative (to school girl)—Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now—haven't you been burning the midnight oil? Miss Amanda (her paleness all gone)—Why, yes, aunt, but not much. We turned the lamp down very low.

"What! You are thinking of moving to a little village of 150 people—where everybody in town knows all about your business?"

"Well, after the entire 150 have learned all about me, that is the end of it. In the city there is no telling where that sort of thing will end."

Whenever the devil can get a Christian to believe that he is the only nice man in the neighborhood, he is well satisfied with his day's work.

Watts—Now, everything averages up in this world, you may notice.

Potts—Not always. Girl babies begin to talk at an earlier age than boys.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that picture? Great Artist—I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mr. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and he's

Young Folks' Column.

ELLEN'S ROMANCE. It was a pleasant morning in June. Dr. Raymond and his daughter Ellen, who was just at home from boarding school on a vacation, had been out calling on some of the Doctor's patients a short way out of the city of New York, and as they rode along through the beautiful forest the trees were laden with green foliage, and bent far over the road, forming an arbor far along. The birds twittering in the branches, seemed to give a feeling of sweet repose to every thing.

It was such a day as Ellen loved to dream in. Her reveries, for such they might be called, lasted sometimes for hours. Dr. Raymond went in to see a patient and as Ellen refused to go, she sat in the carriage waiting for her father's return. She had waited a long while; she and the horse both became restless, when a rabbit which had been made a pet of in the family on which Dr. Raymond was calling, suddenly gave a spring, and as Ellen had loosened the reins, in a minute the horse had started down the road on a clear gallop.

Ellen drew on the reins, but to no avail. When they went round a short turn in the road the carriage upset, and poor Ellen Raymond was senseless on the ground; the horse galloped on. Dr. Raymond came out, but to find both carriage and occupant gone. He went back into the house thinking his daughter had got tired of waiting and had taken a short drive down to the mill, for there was one a little way from the house.

As the horse went on dragging the overturned wagon after him, he was met by a city gentleman out on horseback, viewing the country. He, in an instant was following the marks of the carriage to find, as he supposed, some one dead by the roadside. As he turned the short corner what should he see but a poor figure lying with her face downward. He sprang from his horse, and turning the face toward him saw one of the sweetest of beings. Means were then applied to bring senses, he went to a spring near by and wet his handkerchief, and after a long, hard struggle, Ellen opened her large, brown eyes to find a stranger standing over her, tall, dark and handsome. He was the same picture one might see walking on the streets of London, for he too was an Englishman. At first Ellen shrank from his gaze, but when he spoke and told her how he had come to her assistance a faint smile ran over her pale lips, and she asked where the horse was. He said he did not know, as he did not stop to take care of him, but went to assist the occupants. Another faint smile of which the color was coming to her cheeks. He asked her name and she told him and that her father was at the next house. He assisted her to rise, and with difficulty Ellen at last mounted the saddle and drove up to where her father was waiting her return.

Mr. Oscar Leonard, for such was his name, said he would call for his horse on the following afternoon. She gave the number of her home——Fifth avenue. After Dr. Raymond's return home with his daughter he found a very bad sprain in her ankle, and would not be able to go on her vacation to the sea-shore as she had hoped. Mr. Leonard called as he said he would, and became more charmed with her beauty.

Many afternoons after that was Ellen lonesome, hours of which, Oscar, as she called him, for they were fast friends, lightened them for her. Nearly every morning will you see Mr. Leonard and Miss Raymond riding along the same country road, the lovellest turn in the road, Oscar says he ever saw. If it had not been for that prolific flower would have never seen Ellen. A scrutinizer looking on could see a diamond ring encircling her finger. Mr. Leonard's vacation is near its close, so is Ellen's, but she has decided not to return to boarding school but go far over the water to the great city of London. We will wish them prosperity and happiness through the remaining part of their lives. L. M. P.

Written by a girl 15.

To the Boy Readers of the Maine Farmer:

April 4. I wish to tell you I am taking my first trip to the far West, accompanying my father and mother to Montana. We are now in St. Paul, Minnesota. I have seen no farms along the route that look better than ours at home. In going through Ohio the winter wheat looked green and nice. It is a splendid sight to ride along side of the Great Lakes. Chicago, where my brothers are now engaged in buying live stock for Swift & Company, is a great, large place, but is smoky and muddy.

April 5. We are now going through Dakota which looks like a large pond, level prairie as far as you can see. This is the Red river of the North, Valley, noted for its immense wheat fields, some of which are now in the fields not threshed. The farmers seemed to take too big a stint, sowed more than they could harvest. We soon come to Devil's lake, a town named for a lake on which an Indian legend is told. A man tells me that years ago the Indians used the beautiful lake as a sporting place, congregating there in thousands of canoes. One day when the sun was shining bright and the lake was smooth as a pane of glass, a great number of the red men, their squaws and papooses were paddling about in their birch boats. All at once a great commotion disturbed the water, then it went into the air and the whole tribe was drowned, which is thought was caused by some volcanic action; yet the superstitious sons of the plains regarded it as a visitation of the evil spirit, and to this day they shun the spot that was so fatal to their dusky mates. It may look different to me in Montana, but thus far, I think the State of Maine the better country to live in. I claim Burnham is ahead so far. Later I will write to let the readers of the young folks' column in the *Maine Farmer* know all about Montana, its cattle, sheep, wild horses, mountain lions, coyotes, rattle snakes, prairie-dogs and prairie-chickens.

H. C. LIBBY.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am very much interested in the young folks' column, and thought that I would write a letter to you. This winter, I have gone to the Union and United States History, through once; the Elementary, and Primary Histories of the United States, and Young Folks' History of England, through each, three times; and I read the *Farmer* and *Youth's Companion* every week. As I am only seven years old, mamma thinks I have done pretty well. Papa has bought me a bicycle, and I am learning to ride. It ijst seem pretty easy, but think I shall conquer it soon.

I think the answer to Everett J. Felker's riddle is an eye; Lillie A Green's is a wheel; Sarah Littlefield's is the Sandwich Islands; Florence N. McKeem'n's, a watch. Now, I will close by sending a riddle myself, and hope that the young folks can all guess it. A man was put into prison for some slight offence, and they told him if he would make up a riddle that no one could guess they would set him free; this is what he gave:

As I went out and in again,
From the dead, the living came.
Five there were, and six there'll be,
And this shall set the captive free.

HAROLD W. MCKEEN.

West Fryeburg.

Mr. Editor: I meant to have written a letter for the column before, but I have been sick again; had to have the Doctor and now I have to take cod-liver oil. I don't like it. We have lots of warm weather. We were such a slim set here this spring it took two men and one woman to make a barrel of soap; it never took so many before in this family I guess. A lady in Hallowell, whose first name is the same as mine, saw my letters in the *Farmer*, and wrote me a beautiful letter, and I must answer some papers to read, *Our Dumb Animals* and *Christian Herald*. It was a pleasant surprise, and if she sees this I want to tell her I thank her very much. I am going to write to her when I get stronger.

LUCINDA BURGESS.

Caribou.

Dear Mr. Editor: I have never written for the *Farmer*. I read the letters and enjoy them very much indeed. I have two brothers, their names are Albion and True. Albion is 18, and True is 14. I have for a pet a cat, his name is Johnny Smoker We have 2 cows, one horse and 10 hens. My papa has been to Boston all winter. My uncle George Manter, who lives a few steps from us, makes maple syrup. My cousin Bertha Manter and I went down to the camp and stayed to dinner and washed the dishes. Lena was such a pane of glass, sew, knit, and sweep.

LULENE A. GOODHUE.

Lakeshore.

Mr. Editor: I am visiting my cousin Annie Hastings; her father takes the *Farmer* and I like to read the young folks' column very much. I have two sisters, their names are Lilla and Etta; and one brother, his name is Ralph. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and writing. I am 10 years old; I can do housework, crochet lace, and sew patchwork, etc. I would like to have some of the girls write to me. I will send a conundrum: What is that which has neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb?

MAY E. FARRIS.

Pleasantville.

Dear Mr. Editor: This is the third letter I have written for the *Maine Farmer*. I have received several letters from the girls; it keeps me busy writing so I don't have much time to do housework. I have two sisters and three brothers; the sisters' names are Emma and Alice; and the brothers' names are Everett, Erwin and Ernest. My cousin May E. Farris is visiting me. School will begin soon. I will close by sending a conundrum: What is that which has never been felt, seen or heard, and yet has a name?

ANNIE M. HASTINGS.

South Hope.

Dear Boys and Girls: This is my first letter to the *Farmer*. My father has taken